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UNDER THE EGLANTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

The sunset spills its mellow wines
From cups of topaz, pearl and amber—
Heavy with sweets the eglantines
Adown the lattice cling and clamber,

Hailing their pink shells over me,
Wooing me back with breath of balm
To days long slipped from sight and sound,
Dead in the twilight's fading calm!

Was it her light kiss upon my cheek,
Or only the leaves that drifted down?
Was it the gold of her floating hair,
Or an angel's glittering crown?

Was it the snow of her fluttering robe,
Or a cloud that swept on pale wing by?
Was it her voice in my eager ear,
Or an echo from out the sky?

Fall off I come when sunset spills
From painted cups its mellow wine,
To dream as I have dreamed before,
Under the magic eglantine!

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;
OR,
HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XI.

ROUGH WOOING.

We must return to Alice Worthington, and relate her adventures from the time we lost sight of her. After being forcibly drawn into the carriage, as related, a bandage was suddenly and skilfully drawn round her mouth, so as to prevent her giving any alarm. She struggled a moment, as the carriage was driven furiously through the streets, but the rough strength of the men beside her soon convinced her that this was useless, and she lay back like a frightened bird, quivering with pain and alarm.

It appeared to her overstrung nerves as if hours had elapsed before the time the carriage came suddenly to a stand-still, and she found from the excited remarks of the men that they were pursued, and that the carriage-horses were too slow to escape this pursuit.

At this point her two captors got out, forcing her to descend with them, and made for the wood near by. Into this they walked for some distance, till, hearing more plainly the sounds of pursuit, they descended into a narrow, bushy glen, where they forced her to lie at length, holding her so firmly that she could not move.

She heard the steps of Graham as he traversed the wood in search. Hopelessly heard him traverse the very edge of the glen in which they lay, and pass on unsuspecting. Heard his voice in the distance calling her name—but in her nervous excitement failed to recognise its tones.

Shortly after all became still, and her captors ventured from their concealment, passing onward through the wood to a bye-road that lay beyond. Here one remained with her while the other sought a village at no great distance, and in a short time returned with a horse and carriage, himself driving.

The rest of their journey was one rapid drive, the conspirators seeming to have no trouble to obtain relays of horses, either from possession of abundant means, or from acquaintances at the various towns on their road.

She was not allowed to leave the carriage, they bringing her in food, which she was unable to eat, and treating her with proper consideration, except that they gruffly resisted her every appeal for freedom, and renewed the bandage round her mouth as they approached any village.

It was late the next day when they finally drew up near a road-side house, and she was for the first time, removed from the carriage and taken into the house.

She saw no one beside her captors in this short transit, though the sound of voices was heard in what appeared to be a bar-room at one end of the building. She was immediately taken up-stairs to a room in the third-story of the building, in which she was locked, with a gruff hint from the man who accompanied her, that any attempt at alarm would be attended with very serious consequences to herself.

Frightened, and sick from the long journey and from loss of sleep, she forced herself to eat a few morsels of the supper they brought her, and soon afterward sank into a dreamless slumber, which lasted far into the next day.

It is unnecessary to repeat the monotonous story of the succeeding days. She saw nobody but the woman who brought her meals, and who was utterly deaf to all her appeals, and the face of a rude-looking youth, that once or twice appeared at the grating fixed in her door. This was apparently intended to ventilate the apartment, whose single window was firmly fastened down.

Once the man whom we have known as Dodge came into the room, partly intoxicated as she thought, and talked in a rude manner that seriously frightened her.

He told her that he had had her carried off, that he loved her, and that she should never escape from that prison except as his wife. This was spoken with a rudeness of expression that alarmed her, despite the boldness with which she met his insulting language. He finally left, telling her that she should have one day to consider his proposition, when, if she was still obstinate, harsher measures would be resorted to.

This action of the brutal landlord was in consequence of an arrangement entered into between him and Corbin, and proposed by the latter to Passmore, as we have seen, on the evening of the events already related.

PASSMORE SHOWS MISS WORTHINGTON THE SECRET ROOM.

The next day passed without a further visit from her tormenter. After night had fallen, she was alarmed by hearing voices and steps in the entry outside her door, speaking in the maudlin tones of drunkenness.

Immediately after, the face of an old man appeared at the grating, with long white beard and spectacles.

Her fright at this apparition was changed into interest, as his eyes fell upon her and he called in a low, gentle voice,

"Miss Worthington!"

She rose to her feet and approached the door, glad to hear any friendly voice.

"Do not fear," he continued. "Friends are near you, who will not rest until you are rescued from the hands of these villains."

The revulsion from her state of despair to this assurance of speedy escape was so great that she was unable to answer the benevolent-looking speaker.

She fell involuntarily on her knees, and with clasped hands returned thanks to Heaven for sending her the face and voice of a friend.

Her prayer was rudely interrupted. A fearful uproar arose in the entry, as if men were closed in fierce combat, followed by the sound of a blow and a heavy fall. This was immediately succeeded by a loud, threatening voice, and the sharp report of a pistol, simultaneous with which was another fall.

Fearful that her friend had been murdered, she rushed to the door, but was unable to see anything of the affray. Loud voices were again heard, the sound of rapid steps, and the violent closing of a door, of which she heard the click of the lock.

All this passed so rapidly that the turmoil was over ere she recovered from the confused surprise that seized her mind at the commencement of the affray. A deep silence succeeded, more terrible to her, if possible, than the tumult; for her mind, relieved from the excitement of listening, conjured up a thousand dreadful images of the cause and result of the uproar.

That her professed friend had been slain she felt sure, and her tender heart was torn with grief to think that the effort to aid her should be so fatally requited.

She lit her lamp, and strained her eyes at the grated opening with the hope of gaining some evidence of the result. The narrow opening revealed only a small section of the floor, but on this small square, broken by the bars of the grating, and but dimly illuminated by the lamp, her quickened sight beheld that which filled her with new terror, and drove her back to her seat in an agony of grief and fear. She had seen on the floor a deep red clot of blood.

For a length of time which she was utterly unable to appreciate she sat in utter silence, slowly recovering from the shock of this dreadful occurrence. For all she could have told it might have been but an hour, it might have been days, that she sat in this half-stupefied misery, ere her sense of hearing was again aroused by the sound of advancing steps.

They stopped opposite her room, the door of which was unlocked and thrown open, and the villainous-looking landlord entered, carefully closing the door behind him.

Alice rose to her feet in alarm at this unlooked-for intrusion. Remembrance of his visit of the day before ran through her mind, and she stood, vainly endeavoring to conquer all outward evidence of terror, as she noticed that he carefully shut the door, and stood closely before it, as if on guard against any possible escape.

She waited in silence for seconds that seemed hours, for an explanation of his object, which he seemed somewhat loth to give.

"Well, I am after my answer," he at length said.

She cast at him a glance in which indignation was getting the better of dread, but continued silent.

"I gave you to understand yesterday that I must have a decided reply to-day. I don't want to drive you, young lady," he continued, "and I think I am a presentable sort of person, that no girl with a reasonabl fancy need be ashamed of, so I've no doubt you're prepared to take me for better or worse, now and henceforth." The fellow spoke in a blustering tone, as if ashamed of his errand and needing some bolstering to his courage.

"Have you ended?" she quietly asked.

"Well, I guess so. It's your turn now."

"There is but one answer to your impertinent and insulting remarks. That answer I need not give, you already know and expect it. Now, sir, leave my room!"

"Not so fast, my lady, there are two sides to this matter, and as I think I told you before, no won't do me for an answer." His tone showed that he had been drinking. "What! do you think I took all the trouble I've been at to bring you here, to be put off so easily as that?"

"So it was you that brought me here?" Alice was, for the moment, too indignant to have any fear of the villain.

"Well, it seems to me as if I was at the bottom of it," said he, with a rude laugh.

"You are then as great a scoundrel as your face declares, and sooner than listen to your loathsome propositions of love, I would die a death of torture."

"You may live a life of torture if you reject my offer of marriage in such language. There are ways of taming ladies that will make you wish you had said yes to my offer. Once for all I ask you again, is it Yes or No?"

"No! No! Ten thousand times no!" she cried in a fever of excitement. "Oh! that it is my fate to be approached by a drunken and brutal scoundrel with such a proposal! Oh, Heaven! why am I forsaken by man and God, and left in the power of such a mockery of humanity as this!"

"By all that's bad, girl, you shall pay for this! I won't have the game without the game. And first, to show that I am not to be trifled with, I demand and will have a kiss from those sweet lips, peaceably if you will, forcibly if I must."

He advanced toward her with a drunken leer, that frightened her more than anything he had said. She stood in pale affright, resting one hand on the table, her heart throbbing almost audibly, her eyes roving from side to side like those of a timid deer in search of some avenue of escape.

In his cautious movement he was obliged to pass round the table, behind which she stood. In an instant, seeing her advantage, she bounded rapidly round the other side, and flew with the speed of the swallow to the door, which he had neglected to lock behind him.

But he had anticipated this movement, and was prepared for it. In a single bound he was beside her, and as her hand touched the latch he grasped her strongly by the wrist, and wreathing his other arm firmly round her waist, approached his hated face to hers, as if with the intention of forcibly taking the kiss he had so rudely demanded.

The pent-up excitement broke from her lips in a loud call for help. As though there were magic in her tone, the door flew fiercely open, as if struck by some heavy instrument, and on the threshold appeared, a red flush of anger on his face, the form of John Passmore.

A single stride forward brought him within reach of the pair, and as the villain loosed his grasp of Alice, with a quick, vigorous blow from his clenched hand, Passmore struck him full in the temple, felling him like a log to the floor.

Alice, sobbing from the sudden revulsion of feeling, would have fallen, had not Passmore caught her in his arms.

"Calm yourself, my dear Miss Worthington," he said. "There is not a moment to lose. I have succeeded in tracing you to this den of thieves, but we must instantly escape, or it will be too late."

She roused herself with an effort.

"I will be strong," she said. "Only take me from this dreadful place and you will have earned my thanks forever."

"And more than thanks, I hope," he said, with a smile, as he led her swiftly through the door, and closed it after him, leaving Dodge stretched in an apparently insensible state on the floor of the room.

At this instant they heard two successive whistles, followed by a slight stir below.

It was the signal of the constable calling his posse together. Passmore was surprised at the sound, fearing something wrong, but at once made use of it to further his ends.

"Dear Alice," he said, tenderly, "our task is growing more dangerous. There is an alarm given below that may gather all the force of the ruffianly band to prevent our escape. But trust in me; while I have life you shall not fall again into their hands."

She looked up to him with an expression of warm gratitude, despite the fact that his affectionate expressions sounded unpleasantly to her ear.

"I will trust you, implicitly," she replied. "Let us fly, at once. Danger may accumulate with every moment we spend here."

Without another word he hurried forward, his arm still round her waist, with the apparent object of assisting her faltering steps.

They reached the ground-floor without opposition. Quietly opening the front door Passmore gazed out.

"All appears to be clear," he whispered. "Now is our opportunity."

With light steps they traversed the porch, and descended the steps to the ground below, over which he drew her at a rapid pace, toward the road. It was at this time that the ambushed men had been called from their stations by the constable's signal, leaving the way clear for this hawk to carry off the confiding dove that yielded so unsuspectingly to his talons.

He left her by the roadside, a few steps from the gate, where a cluster of bushes hid her from view of any one in the house.

"Rest here a moment, dear Alice," he said; "I will return and reconnoitre. Besides we cannot escape on foot. I will try and see if I can obtain some vehicle."

Leaving her, he cautiously returned, in time to see five or six dusky figures filing into the house, through the door which he had left open.

"Some of our friends," he murmured, with a sardonic laugh. "How they have discovered the house is more than I can conjecture. Luckily I have so far slipped through their fingers, and will try and get the girl off before they discover that the cage is empty and the bird flown."

Hastening to the stable he found the horse and light carriage in which he had come, standing under a shed, still harnessed.

Taking the animal by the bridle he backed him out into the soft ground with a slow, almost noiseless movement. As noiselessly he led him over the carriage-path to the road.

"Now, Alice, quick," he called in a low excited voice; "I have found a vehicle. We are safe."

Hastily assisting her into the carriage, he took the reins, and, with a laugh of defiance, started his horse at full speed down the road at the same instant that Wood, followed by the others, was rushing to the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT RIDE.

The night was pleasantly cool. Over the sky swept great masses of cloud, their edges turned to silver by the moon, that shone now through a thick veil of vapor, now in the unclouded sky.

Passmore drove rapidly. The road was well-known to him, and was sufficiently lit up by the moonlight, even when at its dimmest, to render fast driving safe.

Alice, the horror of her late danger still upon her, shuddered in silence, and nestled close to her companion, as if feeling that he alone stood between her and ruin.

Loud voices and sounds as of pursuit added to her alarm.

These sounds were rapidly left in the distance, and by the time they reached the ancient village of Darby, all indications of pursuit were lost.

Passmore, however, continued to drive with unabated speed, easily managing his blooded horse with one hand, while the other stole out and folded the hand of his companion, giving it a grasp of warm assurance.

"Fear not," he said, gently. "Let them pursue as they will, they have no horse that can leave distance behind it like this steed. And even should we be overtaken, they would find that the true man is the equal of the false, and that you could be reached only through me."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," she murmured. "How happy that you succeeded in getting so swift an animal. I should not have thought that their stables contained such a blooded horse."

"Nor did they," he said, with a light laugh. "I did not come unarmed to the rescue. A light foot is sometimes better than a long sword, and I took care to provide for all contingencies."

"But how came you so opportunely to my rescue?"

"I have been seeking you ever since your loss, and gradually gathering up the threads of evidence that fixed you in this locality. This morning I received from an unknown source information as to the exact spot of your imprisonment. The rest I need not relate; I was happily on the spot in time to save you from insult, and to punish your ruffianly assailant."

"For which my warmest gratitude is yours," she replied, pressing the hand which still held hers in its firm grasp. "But whither shall we go now? I suppose Mr. Walker is apprised of the circumstances that have attended my absence?"

"Fully apprised of them, though, I must say, he has acted very supinely about it."

"Perhaps he was satisfied that it was in good hands. I will have to return there, as I have no other intimate acquaintance in the city."

"I am sorry to say that it will not be safe for you to return there."

"Why?"

"For reasons which I would have given you before, only that, so far, I have thought only of securing our present safety."

"Our present safety?"

"Yes. The fact alone of your abduction should prove to you that your future is not secure. But I have more reason to believe this than mere conjecture. You, ignorant of the perils of city life, know not the dangers which unprotected virtue encounters in this great pandemonium of vice. Still less can you know the character of the hands into which you have fallen. I have found out enough during my search to assure me that they are villains of the deepest and most dangerous stamp, and that you are very far from being safe from their hands by this escape."

"Yet why should they specially pursue me? It is not likely that they meant to abduct me specially."

"It is certain that such was their intention. They are not men who allow themselves to be led into crime without a certainty of pecuniary profit. Be assured that in some way they expect to be paid in pocket for this crime, or else that you stand in the way of some individual rich enough to buy the aid of this gang of villains."

"Oh, that is indeed the least plausible of theories. In what way could poor innocent and unimportant me become of consequence to such a gang, or who in this great city, in which I am a stranger, could bear me ill will?"

"No one knows his own importance in the world till taught by experience. I speak not at random, Miss Worthington—or Alice, if you will allow me to address you familiarly, as I did in the excitement of our escape."

"You have well earned the right to be classed among my intimate friends," said she, smiling; "and if it is any gratification to you to address me as my friends do, I shall be happy to give you carte blanche."

"Thanks, I esteem it a high privilege. Know then that I was in that house for some time before discovering your place of confinement, and was fortunate enough to overhear part of a conversation between two of this band that let me partly into their secrets."

"They certainly cannot concern me particularly."

"They certainly do. Why, I know not, but the possession of your person is considered by them of vital importance. They will leave no effort untried to again take you prisoner, and as all the criminal classes of the city are leagued together, it is certain that they will succeed, unless we can baffle them by concealing you until they give up the search as hopeless, or till we can discover the reason of this determined purpose of theirs. This, once learned, may aid us greatly in baffling their plans."

"I had no idea I was of so much importance," she replied, with a momentary return of her old vivacity. "But how then do you account for that insulting offer of marriage, and the assault made upon me by that ruffian, of whom I cannot think without a shudder?"

"I look at it as an act of drunken passion, and as far from evidencing the real intentions of the gang. There is no safety for you except in concealment."

"And how shall I be concealed, or where, that they will not discover me?"

"Leave that to me. I have baffled them thus far, and will continue to do so."

"Alas!" she cried, with a sudden burst of depression, "that I who never injured man or woman, and who have not a known enemy in the world, should be thus persecuted. I cannot but believe that they mean me greater evil than you say. I have no money to tempt them. The actions of that dreadful man were studied, not impulsive. Save me, save me by any means from their power, and I will ever bless you!"

"I will try," he replied, clasping round the waist the pliable form that bent to him as to its only refuge. "Fear not, Alice, they shall not harm you while there is life in my veins to protect you. It is no idle boast I make. I have the power, and a thousand times the will, to place you beyond their reach, in a place of safety that they can never discover."

"I hope so, for I am sick at heart from the scenes I have passed through."

They were now in the city. Crossing Market street bridge at a walk they drove moderately through the streets. As the almanac had made it a moonlight night there were no lamps lit, and as the moon was now hid under heavy clouds, the streets (the lights from the store windows being long since extinguished) were buried in unusual darkness.

But with perfect knowledge of his route Passmore drove confidently on, turning corner after corner, till Alice was utterly confused, and had not the most remote idea of the locality at which he at length stopped.

Entering the door of a house before them, he led her hastily up two flights of stairs, meeting no one in their journey.

Their progress ended in a room at the top of the last flight. She looked round to find herself in a scantily furnished apartment, whose bare walls and rude furniture gave no hope of comfort to a lady resident.

"Is this to be the scene of my second imprisonment?" she asked, with a countenance in which ruefulness mingled with a strong desire to laugh.

"No knight would bear his lady to such a den as this," he gallantly replied, fumbling about the wall in a manner that excited her surprise. How strongly was it heightened to see a door suddenly fly open in the blank wall, and to behold before her astonished eyes a picture bright as those called up to Aladdin by the rubbing of his magic lamp.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAKING COUNSEL.

In an apartment already known to us as that of Harry Graham, he, in company with John Passmore, sat conversing.

It was the day succeeding that of the events just narrated, and Harry, with great depression of manner, was telling his supposed friend of the unlucky result of his search for his lost lady-love.

Passmore hypocritically sympathized with him, appearing to deeply regret the unfortunate termination of so fair-seeming an enterprise.

"And what is to be done now?" he asked.

"I confess myself unable to answer, John," Graham sadly replied. "To search for a single person in this great multitude of human lives seems to me a hopeless task."

"There is nothing hopeless," the other cheeringly replied, "The police know pretty well the haunts of the criminal portion of the population, and may be able to trace this gang more easily than you suppose."

"With such boundless opportunities for concealment as the city affords, I confess I cannot view it in so bright a light."

"Every house has its weak point, through which discovery of its secrets can enter. Come, cheer up, Harry, it grieves me to see you so despondent. Trust me that all will come out right yet. Leave this in the hands of the detective police, and try to distract your mind with business, satisfying yourself that they will do more than you possibly can."

"By the way, speaking of detectives, where did you obtain Williams, the officer who accompanied me to Richmond? Mr. Wood declares positively that there is no officer of that name on the force."

Despite his self-possession Passmore colored, and his hand shook nervously at this question.

"Why, he introduced himself to me after the robbery at the store," he answered in a faltering voice, "and I have never had any reason to doubt that he was what he represented himself to be."

"It is very strange," replied the other. "He appeared to be an efficient officer. What could his object have been?"

"I must still think that your Mr. Wood is mistaken."

"But he must know his own companions."

"By the way, Harry, what theory have you in relation to who these fellows were, and their object in this abduction?"

"I have no theory. I cannot conceive of an object other than one too horrible to think of."

"Yet men do not prepare as these did without some ulterior object of great importance to them. It is my belief that they are working in the interests of some powerful enemy behind the scenes."

"Yet who could have had unfriendly feelings for a plain, innocent girl like Alice, a stranger here too?'

"She may have been in the way of some person."

"But who?'

"I have an idea, which I am half-afraid to broach to you, for fear you may misunderstand my intention."

"I always give you full credit for honesty, John. Let me hear it."

"There is only one man in Philadelphia, so far as I know, in whose way she stands. I know you will start when I tell you that that man is our employer, Mr. Willing!"

"Mr. Willing? What possible connection can there be between Alice Worthington and Mr. Willing? Why he did not even know her."

"He knew more perhaps than you imagine. Though she herself does not know it she is a niece of Mr. Willing. And moreover the money with which he established this business, and on which he has accumulated his large fortune, is really hers."

"Can this be true? Where did you get such information?"

"From reliable sources. I will tell you on some other occasion. For the present take my word for it that he is at the bottom of this affair."

"But he has disappeared. Is probably murdered. How does this agree with your theory?"

"It is the very foundation of it. I could not understand at the time the object of his strange journey. As for the murder, do not forget that you yourself learned that it was the man who drove him was injured, and that he, in all probability escaped, and is still in the land of the living."

While thus speaking an under-current of thought was running in the speaker's mind. "I would be sorry enough to believe he was alive. But Joe Corbin don't do his work by halves. We have seen our last of Ben. Willing, and I can work on this track in safety."

"This is a new and startling idea you have raised in my mind," rejoined Harry. "I can scarcely yet admit the possibility of it."

"Yet there must have been some reason for so bold an abduction. There is no one in this city with an interest in her removal but Benjamin Willing. He goes on a strange journey, disappears, though we have good reason to believe he is still living, and I have no doubt that he is at this moment somewhere in this city directing these criminal operations."

"But to couple such a thought with the very name or character of Mr. Willing! It is preposterous. Consider his standing in society, consider what we know of his life. Can a man so utterly ignore his whole life's work as this would be?"

"You are young, Harry, and do not know all the secret springs that move men's minds. I myself was loth to consider this idea until it forced itself on me for lack of a better. Though he has been to us a generous and noble character, yet bear in mind what I have proof of, that he has employed the inheritance of his niece to make his own way in life, and that to all appearance he has arranged a mock murder to avert suspicion from him until he shall have had time to complete his schemes."

"I must have opportunity to think of this. I cannot so quickly lay aside my confidence in mankind."

"Think it over well. I am sure you will yet come to the same opinion as myself. I refused to consider it also till it forced itself so strongly upon me."

At this moment a servant appeared at the door, announcing that Mr. Wood was below, asking to see Mr. Graham.

"Show him up here," said Harry.

"Good-day, Harry. I have some matters to attend to, and if your Mr. Wood finds me here I may be detained an hour longer. Think over what I have said."

"I will," said Harry, pressing his friend's hand warmly.

The latter went quickly down-stairs, saying to himself, "I am afraid that Wood may know my face. I must avoid him for the present."

A moment after Mr. Wood was ushered in, and flung himself listlessly on a seat to which Harry had directed him.

"Well," he said, emphatically, "I've been in a good many tight places in my time, but I was never so completely cuchred before. For them to walk out of the house and drive off, and we with an ambush around it. It is that stupid constable's fault."

"No matter who is in fault; the mischief is done, and the question is, how shall it be remedied? For my part I am almost hopeless."

"Do not feel so. I know that Philadelphia is a large place to hide in. But I do not believe they mean the lady any immediate harm, and I think I can find her with sufficient time. If I do you may go your right bower on it that they don't slip her through my fingers again."

"I hope it may prove so. I try to look on the bright side, but it is hard not to despond. My friend, Passmore, has just suggested a new idea in relation to the abduction."

"Passmore, eh?"

"Yes."

Graham proceeded to tell him Passmore's reasons for attempting to throw the burden of suspicion on Mr. Willing, and concluded by asking him what he thought of it.

"Your friend may be right," he cautiously replied. "In cases like this interested parties are always liable to suspicion. It never does to depend too implicitly on a man's previous record. There are too many cases extant of men spending honest lives, and suddenly turning rogues. Give sufficient inducement, and your strongest men are liable to bend."

"That is rather an unpleasant theory of human nature."

"Yet it is one which is forced upon men in my business. There is something suspicious about this whole journey, this disappearance; in fact mystery is always suspicious. Did you not tell me that you went to Richmond, accompanied by a detective calling himself Williams?"

"Yes."

"He, as I told you, is an impostor. This adds greatly to the strength of your friend's theory. Was it not this same friend who procured you this false officer?"

"Yes. He says that the man offered his services, and he had no reason to doubt him."

"It may be so. At all events it is becoming plain to me that this is our track. I do not think there has been complete search made yet for the missing man, and propose that I go to Richmond to see what luck I may have."

"I will be glad to have you go. Any light thrown upon this mystery will be important. Passmore and I are in charge of Mr. Willing's business, and while there is doubt whether he is living or dead we are placed in a somewhat unpleasant position. He is the best friend I ever had, and I must say that I put no faith in these suspicions. But I cannot allow any hope of learning his true fate to escape me, and I will gladly have you go to Richmond, calling on me for all the expenses of the trip."

"Have you a photograph, or any sort of picture of Mr. Willing?"

"Yes," replied Graham, opening a photograph album that lay on the table near them, and turning its pages in search of the picture desired, the detective's eyes running over the pictures displayed as leaf after leaf was turned.

"One moment," he suddenly said. "Let me see that picture again you have just passed."

Graham turned back to the desired portrait. "Is this it?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the other, examining it with sharp, eager eyes.

"Why that is the friend I have been speaking to you about. It is a good portrait of Mr. Passmore."

"Ah! the face looked familiar to me, that was all. I have seen it somewhere very lately."

"Here is Mr. Willing," said Graham, continuing to turn.

The detective took the book in his hand and examined the face with the utmost attention, fixing every line and curve upon his memory.

"I thought I ought often to have seen an old business man like Mr. Willing," he said, "though I never came into direct contact with him. I recognize the face now as one I have often met. I think there will be nothing more required now. I will go to Richmond to-morrow."

The necessary preliminaries to this journey were made at once, and Mr. Wood left, with the understanding that he was to take the morning line South, though somewhat doubtful of the result from the time that had elapsed since the accident, and the futile endeavors that had already been made to discover the missing man.

We will not enter into the full details of his journey. He, on arriving at Richmond, first questioned Mr. Wilson thoroughly as to all the details of the affair, and the appearance of the man who had driven Mr. Willing.

Learning all he could in this way, he next sought to discover the residence of the man named Ravel, who had given information to Graham and Corbin on the occasion of their journey South.

He found him, after considerable difficulty, not living, as he had told them, near Richmond, but occupying a squalid den in the city.

The shrewd detective entered into conversation with him, gradually leading the way round toward the subject of his quest. But the fellow was too sharp to be caught. He saw afar off, with the acuteness of a man whose life was spent in eluding the law, the direction to which the conversation tended, and was fully prepared to re-assert the same story he had told Graham, long before the detective reached it in his apparently off-hand questioning.

Mr. Wood, however, was too keen to be readily taken in by a specious story. The whole surroundings of the man were suspicious, and his manner one with which the officer had become very familiar during his long acquaintance with the criminal classes.

He knew the man to be one of this class by certain indubitable signs, and partly because he perceived that Ravel had already seen through his assumed character and knew him to be an officer.

"Are you a native here?" he asked.

"No," replied the man.

"I thought not. You look like a Northerner."

"Yes, I am a New Yorker. But I hain't lived there for a good bit now."

"And how long did you live in Philadelphia?"

"I hain't never lived there." A slight flush came to the fellow's cheek, sufficient to stamp him a liar, and as one who had some object in concealing his knowledge of Philadelphia.

After some further desultory remarks, Wood left the hovel, much to the relief of its occupant.

"It is plain enough," Wood said to himself, as he slowly walked toward his hotel, "that this fellow is a rogue in grain. He has committed some crime in Philadelphia that made that city too hot to hold him, and has migrated here, where he is pursuing the same practices. I believe his whole story is a fabrication. He may have known Williams, and arranged this story with him in order to throw Mr. Graham off the scent. I must drive out to the scene of the murder or accident, or whatever it was, to-morrow, and try my luck at cross-questioning the people about there. Willing, if he has an object in concealing himself, may have paid some one to keep secret the fact of his escape, and that person, whoever he is, it is my business to discover."

Early the next day he procured a vehicle and drove to the scene of the accident. Mr. Wilson, whose interest in the matter was unabated, volunteering to accompany him.

We will not follow him through the whole range of his inquiries, which lasted during all that day and part of the next.

His persistent course of shrewd questioning at length succeeded in gaining him a faint clue.

This occurred at the cottage of an Irish laborer, who lived about half a mile from the scene of the accident, on a twin road, running beyond the wood.

This person had been questioned before, but had professed ignorance of the occurrence. He still made the same profession, but was not adept enough in the art of deceit to escape the sharp observation of his present questioner.

It needs long practice in lying to so school the eye and the veins as to make them act in sympathy with the tongue. The present performer was a mere bungler.

"Look here, my man," said the officer, sharply, "that cock won't crow. Don't think I have come here with my eyes shut. You will find it worse for you if you fail to tell the whole truth. There is suspicion of murder, and I am empowered to arrest you as an accomplice unless you tell the plain truth in the matter."

"Arrest me?" said the man, with faltering voice and blanching cheek.

"Yes, I would not tell you this only that I believe you innocent of any intentional crime. But I know that you are connected with this business, and, unless you tell your knowledge of it without compulsion, I shall be forced to throw you into prison to await the action of the courts."

He displayed a formidable document to the frightened laborer, who drew back in alarm from the sight.

"Sure, sir, I've done nothing that there's any harm in, at all. I'm a poor man and an honest one, and one that's always kept decent company."

"I hope so. What then do you know about this affair? How long was the gentleman concealed in your house?"

"As I'm a living sinner—"

"I know you are. You need not tell me that. I want a direct answer to my question."

"And will it be any hurt to the gentleman?"

"Certainly not. It is reported that he has been murdered, and we want to prove to the contrary."

"Faith then, but he wasn't."

"I know that he wasn't. Tell me now how long you concealed him, and how he got to your house."

"I found him lying dead in the road, sir. I was coming over with a wheelbarrow from the quarry a-yant there, when I came across the bits of a carriage, and he a laying in the road, wid his head cut open, and he as white as a ghost. Sure, now, I was a bit scart, but I jest put him in the barrow, and brought him home, as any decent Cortstian would."

"Go on," said the officer, severely, "I want the whole story."

"There's little more of it any way. I hadn't any medicine in the house but a wee drop of whisky, that I keeps for the cramps. I gave him a taste of that, and it fotched him back to life in a jiffy. He wasn't bad hurt only out in the head, and his senses knocked out, and faith he mended wonderful fast for an old man."

"How long was he here?"

"Two days was all, and a gentleman he proved himself, that I can say for him."

"A very good story, my man, but it needs clearing up. Why have you concealed this fact? Where is he now? It looks suspicious. How do we know but that you have robbed and murdered him?"

"By me sowl, sir, I wouldn't a scraped his skin till the blood come, for a goold guinea." The man was thoroughly frightened. "It was his own doin's, every bit of it. He told me that they were after him to murder him, and begged that I wouldn't tell on him. The poor gentleman was so arnest about it, that I promised to kape his secret."

"He was here two days only, you say."

"That's every blessed minute. I went wid him at night to the station, that lays over the hill there, and he tuk the cars North."

"What do you think of this story?" asked Wilson of the detective. "He had no reason to imagine that enemies were after him, and it looks to me as if this man were telling a lame story to throw us off the scent."

"I think myself that we had better execute the warrant," said Wood.

"Gentlemen, for the love of Heaven, it's every word the honest truth," cried the man in alarm. "I've lived here fur years, and I can say prove my character. There's Bridget, my wife, in the wee bit garden there. Ask her, and see if she doesn't tell you the same. I'm no fool, sir, and if I'd been doin' wrong you wouldn't got the first word from me. I know Mr. Wilson, and I know you're an officer, and that you can't mane harm to the poor gintleman, or hot irons wouldn't a got it from me."

"I believe you, my man," said the officer. "He has told the truth, Mr. Wilson," he continued, turning to the latter. "I was sure that Willing was all right, and was in hiding for some ulterior purpose of his own, before I started on this errand. I am positive now that he is concealed somewhere in Philadelphia."

"But with what possible design? Surely nothing of a wrong character?"

"That I cannot tell."

He proceeded to tell Wilson his reasons for his belief, and to detail the events already related, as they drove on their return road to Richmond.

CHAPTER XIV.

PATSY REAPPEARS.

As Harry Graham was passing through Independence Square the next day he was accosted by one of the peculiar fraternity that infests that locality. A ragged, dirty, shoeless little imp of mischief, over whose shoulders hung a small box, the emblem of his trade, accosted him with:—

"Black 'em, sir? Shine 'em up, sir?" pointing to the gentleman's somewhat discolored boots.

"Only ten cents, sir, and I'll give them my double extra, electric polish. Can't yer see they want it?" he continued as Graham would have passed on unheeding. He pointed with deep disgust to the soiled boots.

His listener glanced down and saw that his boots were indeed discolored with mud. He had trodden unawares in some puddle, which had well splashed his feet with its muddy water.

"Go ahead then, Jack, if that's your name," he said, as he placed one foot on the box which the boy had nimbly whipped from his shoulder, at the least sign of his customer's listening to his appeal.

"It ain't my name," said the boy, as he spat vigorously into his box of blacking, and began skilfully to mix the delectable compound. "It's not what my mammy called me, but I'll answer to it for a job quicker than lightnin', you can bet your red on that. It's durn little matter what you call me as long as ther's any use coming."

"And what were you christened," said the gentleman, amused by the boy's talk.

"After the greatest Irishman that ever lived, the blissed St. Patrick. They call me Patsy for short."

"And, Patsy, do you find this a profitable business?"

"It's not reg'lar, sir," said the boy, as he rubbed away vigorously at the boot. "Some day's there's a run on the bank, and stamps come in like hot cakes to breakfast. Then again business gets slack, and my pocket-book keeps as flat as if a jackass had stamped on it."

"How long have you been at it?" queried Graham, to keep the lad talking, as he took the other boot in hand.

"Only two or three days this spell. Uncle gav me my walking papers, and I had to go into business for meself. It's not a bit I keer, though. I likes the liberty, sir, that Gin'ral Washington fit for; and an independent bootblack don't care where the sun rises, nor who's President. One job done and another on, that's my motto. Shall I give 'em the double extra electric touch?" and Patsy looked quizzically up into the face of his customer, who, for the first time, got a full glimpse of the boy's features.

He slightly started, as he recognized the face of the lad who had been in his hands in Baltimore, in connection with the abduction.

He pulled out his watch, and glanced up at the State House clock, to cover this involuntary mark of recognition.

The boy looked down again without any sign of a similar recognition, and began rubbing away for dear life.

"Here, my lad," said Graham, in kindly tones, handing him the fee for his services. "You ought to be in better business than this. You are too smart to be wasting your time as a bootblack. Tell me where you live, I may be able to get you a situation that will give you a chance to become a respectable man."

"At the corner of Goose and Spruce, ten steps down Feather alley," said Patsy, impudently leering into the face of his questioner, as he flung his box over his shoulder.

"Don't want any better business. One done, and 'tother on, that's my motto."

He turned away, loudly whistling, leaving his questioner in sheer amazement at the sublimity of his insolence.

Patsy, without looking back, passed out of the gate of the Square at Sixth and Walnut streets, and took his way, still loudly whistling, down Sixth street.

Graham stood a moment considering, till the boy had got half a square in advance, and then followed him, keeping him just fairly in sight.

Patsy walked on heedlessly, now stopping at a fruit stand to invest part of his change in apples, now mischievously scattering the marbles, with which some smaller boys were playing, now dropping the core of his apple down the back of a negro lad, inside his open coat collar, turning corner after corner, and indulging in every trick his active and lawless fancy prompted to; apparently ignorant that the gentleman, walking leisurely along on the other side of the street, and stopping to look into some store window at each one of the boy's pauses, was following him, with determined purpose to trace him to his habitation.

At length, reaching the corner of Seventh and Bedford streets, he turned up the horrible course of the latter, and when Graham reached the corner, had disappeared from sight in some of its miserable tenements.

His pursuer was about following him into this disreputable locality, when he was accosted by a policeman, who stood at the corner.

"May I ask if you have any special business up that street, sir?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Simply that I would advise you to let your business go, and not venture into so dangerous a locality. Were you to go into some of those houses alone, your purse would not be safe for a moment, as there are wretches there that would not hesitate at murder for the sake of a few dollars."

"I have heard of its character, though I had forgotten it for the moment. Will you not accompany me in? I will make it worth your while. Here, boy," he continued, dropping a few cents into the hat of a lame negro boy, who had just come out of the street, and looked up to him with mute appeal. The policeman looked on, half smiling.

"What is your object in going into such a locality?" he asked.

"I am anxious to discover the whereabouts of a boy who just entered the street, and whom I have been pursuing. He is connected with a gang of villains, and I thought by following him I might discover their haunts."

"What, are you in chase of Patsy, the little bootblack, that I just saw pass here?"

"Yes. And it is very important that I should find him. Does he live in that street?"

"There is an old woman he calls grandmother who lives in that second house. But he is not there."

"Why?"

"It would take you a month, sir, to learn the half of that boy's tricks. He left the street and came out past us a minute ago."

"He? Impossible!"

"Not at all. You were even kind enough to drop some money into his hat as he passed."

"What! That lame negro boy?"

"Oh, his blacking does for faces as well as boots, and if you will look at him yonder you will find that his lameness is not dangerous."

Graham looked in the direction the boy had gone, and saw him nearly a square off, walking rapidly along, without a vestige of the painful lameness that had excited his pity.

The policeman laughed as he looked at the change in Graham's countenance.

"You have heard of the old difficulty of finding a needle in a haystack," he said. "You will find it about as hard to find that boy in this part of the city. You might follow him again though. He may not know that he is recognized."

Thanking his informant, Graham took his advice and walked rapidly down the other side of the street till in plainer sight of the boy, who was walking demurely along, without looking up.

He turned, as before, two or three corners, moving along with unwonted sobriety, as if fearful that his new disguise might lead him into trouble if he attempted any of his ordinary tricks.

Graham approached him closer as he turned down South street, fearful that he might lose him in the throng that surged along this busy street.

Suddenly the boy turned at the corner of a small street bearing South, and cast a keen glance back, recognizing Graham before the latter could conceal himself.

"Think you got me, hey?" he cried, turning sharply down this street.

Graham ran to the corner, but though he was but a minute behind, and the view was unobstructed, the boy had utterly disappeared. No trace of him was visible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROKEN-HEARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAUDE.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Slowly and solemnly these words were uttered by the holy man of God, and standing beside the grave of the only man I ever loved, I alone could not find relief in tears. I had no right to weep, and my heart was frozen within me.

Florence May and myself had been bosom friends from childhood, with not a thought or feeling hidden from each other, or a joy or pain that we did not share together. Not even the long separation which took place during our school-life could interrupt the freedom of our intercourse, or diminish in any degree the ties of friendship so firmly bound in early childhood.

My delicate health necessitated my return from school before the close of the session, and during those happy days when after my emancipation from school duties I threw aside all care and basked in the sunlight of home enjoyments, I formed a deep and lasting friendship for Walter De Courcy.

How shall I describe him as I first knew him? Not handsome, but with a face once seen never to be forgotten. A face upon whose noble brow the seal of intellect was stamped; a mouth tender yet firm, and eyes of deep-blue, in whose depths courage and truth lay hidden; each feature in turn an index to the character of the man. Ever generous, ever kind, he won the hearts of old and young, rich and poor.

Was it a wonder, then, that my feeling of friendship should have ripened into that of love, unknown to myself? Day after day found us in each other's presence, whiling away the golden hours. Rides and walks, music and conversation rendered each day sufficient unto itself. There were no words of love spoken; we only knew that we were happy, and did not stop to analyze our feelings, the future being a sealed book that we cared not to open.

All joys are fleeting, and a little cloud not larger than a hand at first, came over the horizon of our happiness. Ah! how vividly can I recall the expression of dissatisfaction upon his face, as sitting upon the porch in the moonlight I told him of Florence's coming, and painted her beauty in glowing colors.

She came, and the cloud grew larger. How beautiful she was with that rich, clear complexion, a perfect wealth of golden-brown curls, and starry eyes, and the sweetest little rosebud of a mouth, always wreathed in smiles.

And how bright she made the house, with her sunny disposition, ever ready to oblige, and her merry voice echoing through the halls in laughter and song.

And how was it with Walter? Day after day found him at her side, gazing into her beautiful face and feasting his soul with her loveliness. Evening after evening found him hanging over the piano, blending his manly tones with hers; or when not thus engaged, they would be seen strolling through the grounds utterly oblivious to all other society.

And while I laughed and flirted my heart was breaking. For a time I learned to hate them both, but constant prayer enabled me to conquer the evil spirit within me, and as I look back now there is nothing in my heart but love and pity for each. Ah, how often in those bitter days did I, on bended knees, implore my Heavenly Father that I might be taken away, and my misery ended; my prayers were not granted, and I lived through all, while none guessed the sad heart beneath the gay exterior.

One evening he came to me, and calling me "little sister," told me the story of his great love and happiness, and asked my congratulations.

Then came the bustle of preparation, for the marriage was to take place immediately. Heaven was kind to me then. The illness and death of an aunt in the South, to whom I had to go, prevented my presence at the wedding, and I was the better able to bear the trial.

Three months had passed since their union before I started for home, during which time many loving epistles had come to the absent "sister," breathing love and happiness in every line.

I thought I had almost overcome the gnawing, bitter pain in my heart, and was nerving myself to meet him calmly, when the first words that greeted my ears contained the news that Florence was a *widow*. Her husband had been thrown from a carriage a few hours before, and killed instantly. Oh! the memory of those first days of mourning is horrible. The distress of the young wife, and the fearful control I had to exercise over my feelings, nearly took both my reason and my life.

* * * * * * *

Years have passed since then. I am still a confirmed invalid, waiting for the day when I shall lay my weary body down to rest, while my spirit is borne upward to meet my first and only love. Florence has married again, and comes daily with her husband and children to visit the friend of her youth. Strange to say she has never suspected the story of my "broken heart," and I would not have it otherwise.

POLLY'S LOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"There goes that jackanapes of a Gray," said John Crawford with a gesture of disgust, as he looked out of the window and saw a young gentleman in stylish garments sauntering down the road.

"I wish'd you'd be a little more polite when you're speaking of my friends," said Polly Wynn, frigidly.

"Oh, excuse me," said John, scornfully. "I wasn't aware what a *very dear* friend Mr. Gray was to you, when I spoke. Of course I take it all back, if you want me to. I should have said the Honorable Mr. Gray from the city, I suppose."

"I'm sure your sarcasm is all thrown away on me," said Polly, loftily. "I know you don't like Mr. Gray, but that's no reason why you should talk about him as you do. *I* like him, and I'm not afraid to say so, either," and Polly's black eyes flashed defiantly into John's face.

"Of course it doesn't concern me as to who you like, and who you don't like," answered John, trying to appear very indifferent about the matter.

But he knew all the time that he was fibbing outrageously. He was fearfully jealous of this young city exquisite.

"Then don't trouble yourself to talk about Mr. Gray" retorted Polly. "He's coming in. I expected him to call this morning."

John would have left at once, but Mr. Gray was even then at the door, and he couldn't get away.

"Good morning!" said Polly, appearing very much pleased to see her visitor. "Come in, please, and take this rocker. What a warm morning it is, isn't it?"

"Very warm, indeed," said Mr. Gray, coolly taking the rocking-chair and passing a perfumed handkerchief over his face. "Oh, Mr. Crawford, is that you? good-morning," appearing to notice John all at once.

"Good-morning," returned John stiffly, and not feeling very friendly toward his rival, if the truth must be confessed.

John and Polly had been as good as engaged, in country parlance, for a long time. He had taken her to quilting bees and country balls, to picnics and husking-frolics, and no one among the country gallants thought for a moment of stepping in between John and his Polly. About a month before the morning on which this little story opens, a young fellow from the city, calling himself Mr. William Gray, had come to the neighborhood and had engaged board for the warm season. He had obtained admission to the circle of society in which Polly moved, and became acquainted with her at once. Polly was like most pretty girls—a trifle vain of her good looks, and thought it would be a fine feather in her cap to captivate Mr. Gray. Evidently Mr. Gray was not at all loth to being captivated, for he took to visiting Polly quite regularly, and escorted her to picnics and parties, and was as attentive a cavalier as one could wish to see.

John didn't like him from the first. There was something suspicious about him, John thought. He didn't look like an honest man. But then, John was jealous and that was probably why he didn't like Mr. Gray, Polly argued, when John remonstrated with her about her flirtation with the young gentleman from the city,

"Of course I can go with who I have a mind to," said Polly, with indignant eyes.

"Of course," answered John, "only I should want to know something about the person I was going with. I should want to know that he was respectable, at least."

"As much as to say that you have your doubts about Mr. Gray's respectability!" said Polly, in a flush of anger. "I'll tell him that you want references respecting his good character, if you say so."

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about it, on *my* part," answered John. "I'm satisfied, if you are."

Which wasn't true, by any means, as Polly knew well enough.

"There's going to be a party at Mr. Green's next week," said Mr. Gray. "I received an invitation this morning. Have you heard of it, Mr. Crawford?"

"Yes; two or three days ago," answered John. He had called this very morning to ask Polly to go with him to that identical party.

"Oh, won't that be nice?" cried Polly. "I haven't been to a party in ever so long. I must get me something nice to wear."

"I think you'd look charming in white muslin, with blue ribbons," suggested Mr. Gray.

"I'd been thinking the same thing," said Polly.

"Wear it, then, *just to please me*," said Mr. Gray in a tender tone, but loud enough for John to hear every word of it, as he meant he should.

Polly blushed and answered that she would.

"I must go," said John, getting up. "Good-morning."

And he walked directly over to Rose Farnsworth's, and asked Rose to go to the party with him, and she didn't refuse.

The night of the party came. The young people of the neighborhood were all there, including Polly and her city beau.

Tired with dancing, John strolled out into the garden about eleven o'clock. The supper was laid in a room in a wing of the house. As John passed this room, he happened to glance in and saw Mr. Gray moving rapidly down the length of the table, carefully removing all the spoons, which were old-fashioned ones, of heavy silver. When he had collected them all he wrapped them up snugly and placed them in the inside pocket of his coat.

John went back and waited for supper. Presently the summons came for them to repair to the supper-room.

John managed to secure a seat opposite Mr. Gray and Polly.

When they were all seated, and had fairly commenced eating, John spoke up suddenly.

"Mr. Gray, I'll trouble you for one of those spoons you have in your left coat-pocket. I can't eat this sauce with a fork!"

Gray started up, pale and red by turns.

"Don't make a fuss!" said John. "*I saw you!*"

Gray started for the door, but John caught him before he could escape, and with a dexterous movement emptied his pocket of the spoons, which went rattling over the floor in every direction.

Polly shrieked and tried to faint, but everybody's attention was turned in another direction, and she concluded it wasn't worth while.

John explained the matter to the wondering company before he would let Mr. Gray go. When he was done, he opened the door and gave the young gentleman a shove that sent him half way down the path to the gate.

Of course there was a great hubbub of excitement for the remainder of the evening, and Polly found herself pitied some and laughed at a good deal. And the worst of it was, that John had got the better of his rival so nicely!

A day or two after that, John was going by when Polly came out and called to him.

"I hope you don't—I hope you ain't mad?" burst out Polly, and broke down in tears and penitence.

John concluded that he wasn't, I suppose, for I am told that they are to be married next month. They say Polly don't like to hear about that "young gentleman from the city!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Danbury man has an interesting heirloom in the shape of a hat which was worn through 182 drunks, and still retains traces of its former beauty.

☞ A clear-headed Kentuckian editor says: "A venerable gentleman of this city was run into on Second street a few days ago, and tumbled into a mud-puddle by a pig. The gentleman was promptly taken up and lodged in the pound, and his owner fined twenty dollars. He was afterwards sold, as the law requires."

☞ The phylloxera vastatrix is devastating the vineyards of Schaffhausen. Don't write to this office to know what a phylloxera vastatrix is; apply to the postmaster at Schaffhausen, who will be charmed to tell you.

☞ An observing editor says that you can safely bet on nine ladies out of every ten who wear trailing dresses in the streets being the owners of large or unshapely feet.

☞ A huge yellow dog, of rather sombre appearance, frequently seen trotting about the streets of Danbury, is believed to have stored away somewhere within himself samples of nearly thirty sewing-machine agents and book canvassers. His owner has been offered $75 for him, but refuses it.

☞ An unscrupulous paragraphist accounts for the fact that Peter was cheerful while Paul was sad, by quoting Paul's assertion that "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever."

☞ Ladies' work-boxes are now provided with musical machinery in the lid, which plays when the box is opened.

☞ A woman attempted to commit suicide by drowning, at Chester, Illinois, and the boys threw mud at her. She postponed dying in order to have them arrested.

☞ MUSQUITOES.—The Scientific American says, "At Stratford, Conn., where musquitoes are as thick as fog, lives an ingenious Yankee, so they say—believe it who may—who puts these insects to profitable uses. He has invented a large revolving scoop-net covered with lace, which is put in motion by a windmill, water-power or steam. The lower half of the scoop is placed in water; the upper half moves through the atmosphere, and at each rotation draws an immense number of the 'squitoes' down into the water, where they drown and sink to the bottom. Every revolution of the net draws in one ounce of musquitoes, or a ton for thirty-two thousand turns of the machine. The musquitoes thus collected make a splendid manure for the land, worth forty-five dollars a ton."

☞ A mysterious and disgraceful vandalism has been committed in the Royal Gallery at Berlin. Five of the finest pictures in the Museum, the "Andromeda" of Rubens, "Mary Magdalen" of Gerard Dow—two gems, a Cornelius de Harlem, a Verkolje, and another not specified, were found pierced with cuts from a knife. The singular feature of the affair is that the mutilations were accomplished successive days, and each morning a fresh picture was found damaged. The investigations that were instituted developed no clue, and the authorities have had to content themselves with patching up the canvasses as best they might.

☞ Ours is not the only country where soft-eyed, golden-haired murderesses and aristocratic murderers cover their crimes with the cloak of insanity. In Italy there has just been tried, for the poisoning of eighteen persons, a gentleman connected with many of the noblest families of his country, and, although there was the usual display of method in his madness—his eighteen victims being near relatives, and standing between himself and desirable property—the journals of Florence unite in declaring it impossible that one so well connected could commit such horrible crimes, and the verdict likely to be returned is insanity.

☞ There is a fatal defect in the Harvard system of examinations for women. It is proposed to classify them by their age. How will it ever be discovered?

☞ The Marysville (California) Standard is dead. The editor, in his valedictory, says he has "devoted two and a half years in his efforts to keep up the paper, which he considers equal to five years in the State's prison."

☞ The editor of a Western paper alludes in his last number to his contemporary "as the blue-nosed babbler across the way," and charges him with "running his arms to the shoulders in the filthy muck of rotten political fraud." His friend, not to be outdone in energy, replies, and says "that flannel-mouthed poll-parrot of the adulterated Spirit is a liar, a villain and a candidate for the gallows." Our beloved country is safe while these pure and able men control the formation of public opinion.

☞ A debating society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion and mature deliberation, the decision was: "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

☞ A lame girl, who had not for fourteen years once left the third-story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursions in Philadelphia. When carried to the park, she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

☞ One of the German papers has attained the great age of 242 years, having been established in the year 1631. Two others, the oldest in Berlin, are the Voss Gazette (Vossiche Zeitung) and the Spenner Gazette (Spenner Zeitung.) The former was established in 1720 and the latter in 1740. This is even older than THE POST.

☞ An editor, who has been soliciting "short articles" from the subscribers of his paper, lately received a baby's undergarment, somewhat dilapidated, but short enough, doubtless, to meet all requirements.

☞ The editor of a Western paper writes: "My wife and I have separated. As we both wanted to be boss, and she was likely to beat me, I left her. She says she will 'nail me yet. I believe her."

☞ Cafe keepers say that the use of *absinthe* is steadily increasing among the younger society men—the set just coming up. We never could account for the softening of the brain so prevalent in that set before.

☞ A New York lady of fashion wears a beautifully carved dark glossy stone in a setting of red gold. It is the front of her husband's favorite meerschaum; she having induced him to stop smoking, now wears his pipe as a trophy.

☞ Princess—Italy, of course—married gardener—father very mad—eliminated and disinherited—circus rider—Montreal this week—admission fifty cents.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY MRS. HALLOWELL.

I knew I could not recover, but I did not think it would come so soon. They said I was unconscious after the fall, and so I was, I suppose; but there were dim intervals in which I knew them all passing around my bed, their voices very loud and near, but their faces and forms quite vague and far away.

"Shall we telegraph Ned?" said my brother-in-law's voice; I had been riding with him when I fell.

"Not yet," said another voice. "It will soon all be over. There is no need to give him those hours of suspense."

"Then there is no hope, doctor?"

"None. But for her fine vitality, she would have ceased to breathe hours ago. It is a sort of functional habit that keeps up this semblance of life. The great nerve-centres were paralyzed hours ago; with the shock, in fact."

Was he right? I seemed to be disengaging myself from something that had held me, and to be coming into another consciousness, looking down on my own self lying there. It was night, and the windows were all open, and a damp wind blowing the curtains far into the room. Mary and her husband and this other who was the doctor, all watching, waiting! Was that my hair cut off and lying on the table? Why did they? but it is no difference now. And Ned's ring on my finger, will they take that off too? Why don't they cover my shoulder? Mary might— Just then came a little sigh, a tired little sigh, and Mary hid her face. The doctor put my hand down gently and turned away.

"She is gone," he said. Then in a whisper to Chauncey, "Make Mrs. Lewis take some rest. She must not stay here. I will send."

Why should I wait any longer? Till they drew up the sheet over my face and left me lying there with the light burning low. Should I go with Mary into her room and see her throw herself on the bed, and cry and cry? I could not comfort her; I wanted to be with Ned, to be with him before the news came, and when it should come.

Is it far to Cambridge, and is there an ocean to cross? While I thought about it I was there. In Ned's own room the door was open; somebody was saying good-night, some young professor, I think, and I waited till Ned should turn and come back to the table. Oh, my darling! How tired he was as he came slowly back and threw himself into his chair. Tired and discouraged, I could see. Oh, my darling! I am here, I am here! Don't you know it, don't you feel it? I waited a minute, looking down at him. He rested his head on his hand.

"Ah, Nell, Nell! It's all vanity, but it brings me nearer to thee."

What was all vanity? The paper he held in his hand? I could follow his thoughts; indeed he spoke them aloud.

"Stuff and nonsense, this paper of mine in the 'Quarterly,' except for the solid dollars. Seventy and eight hundred make eight hundred and seventy! Ah, Nell, my girl, you are a long way off!"

And he threw the check on the table. What had he been doing? this seventy, was it his first harvest from another field? I was so delighted, I forgot I was dead: for it was my pet plan to have him work in this way and let me take care of him for the rest.

"A long—way—off," he said, with a yawn, slowly putting out his hand to the table for his pipe.

Oh, my darling! I am here, I am here! Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? And I seemed to enfold him in myself and to kiss, kiss his forehead. He dropped the pipe and threw back his head.

"Nell, I swear, at this minute you are thinking of me! Dancing, likely enough, with some honorable somebody, and wishing with all your heart it was Ned. My little girl! I shall have a letter to-morrow—but I think you sent me a minute ago a message across the wires!"

Wouldn't he know me then, there in the very room with my cheek close to his! And the horrible thing that was coming to him to-morrow across the wires! My precious, look at me: know that I shall never leave thee now! And again I kissed his forehead. He passed his hand over it and looked up toward the ceiling with half-shut eyes.

"What's the matter with me to-night? I am shaken a little by this, Nell's first triumph. The child knew better than I did what was good for me to do. I've a mind to spend it all in a cable despatch, a cable love-letter!" And he laughed a jarring laugh, it sounded to me.

I had sent him a photograph in one of my letters, a stiff, dressed-up thing, taken in Piccadilly. Mary would have it so, in my dinner-dress, only I had caught up a lace shawl at the last moment, and throwing it over my head mantilla-fashion. This was in his breast-pocket with some worn-out letters; it was an old trick of his to carry them there till they fell to pieces. How vexed I was when I saw him take it out. The far-off doll I seemed to be, and this was what he thought of me now, dinner-parties and dances! Ah, so different from the real woman who sat at his feet unseen by him.

"She is better than that," he said very low, "and she will drop all the fine lady and come and sit down by this rusty old grate, if I bid her! Why did not I let her stay?"

Ah, how it hurt! I was aching with a divine impulse to speak, to make him hear me; but all was empty air and silence. Ned had shut his eyes, leaning over the photograph. Presently he opened them again, looked at it mistily for a moment, then put it hastily in his breast again and leaned back in his chair.

"She—will come—when—I—send."

Asleep! Oh wretched Ned! When I had so much to tell him, so much comfort to give him; oh, you naughty, naughty Ned! Is this the way, sir, you do habitually? Sleep all night in your chair, with the gas blazing and the window blowing cold air on you, and the coal-gas choking in the grate. Ah, you need me here to take care of you all the time. When I saw your room last, it was quite festive for a good-bye lunch to me. There were flowers on the table, and everything was dusted! I scolded you for your extravagance with the hock and the *pâté*.

What is this I see on the table! You have been making another feast, with your professor. Rye bread and a horrible little mustard-pot, sticky and brown! Tall, straight glasses with dried froth on them, and this squat-bottle that I have seen before! But this plate of cheese with eyes in it! Oh, Ned, Ned! If this comes of being alone!

And yet how could I help it? I could not stay in Cambridge with nobody to take care of me but my *fiance* over the way. Chauncey and Mary would go abroad and shut up their house. And Ned would not be married until he had, as he said, half as much money as I had coming in each year! If I gave myself to him, and he didn't hesitate to take me, why need my money make any difference? Such a foolish boy! Only a tutor, he said—so absurdly proud! As if I wanted to go to Europe! It was an old story to me, and I cried and begged that he would let me stay with him; he was almost shaken, then.

But Mary came in and said that I was wretched—of course I was, with fretting—and that I needed the sea air and Torquay and nonsense! When I didn't need anything but to be with my dear boy, and I said so. But Ned got up and walked the floor, and said I ought to go, and that was flat, I knew.

At the last minute I wanted to send my trunks to his room instead of the depôt, and to slip away from them all; and to wait in his room till he came home to dinner, and say, "They've gone, Ned; we'll have to be married now." But I could not slip away from him, and he went to New York to see us off, so there was an end of it. But I know he has suffered more than I, for he was in the wrong. He put me away from him all for pride, and now he will know that to-morrow.

How sound he sleeps. His face is very tired and a little sad. I wonder if that old army-coat is warm enough. Dear old army-coat! I hope it will never wear out. Where is my afghan, my pretty afghan with the rose-buds? On the sofa, under that pile of theme-books and newspapers and a great dictionary—just the things cleared off from the table to make room for the lunch.

Still, if he cannot feel that I am here, why should I want him to know it in material fashion? In any fashion, oh, Ned, dear Ned! deaf and blind and groping as you are. But he will know it to-morrow. He will stretch out his arms lovingly and clasp me; he will surely know that I am here.

To-morrow! It is to-morrow. The gray light is coming in through the windows, and the air blows fresh and cool. There is a faint twitter in the tree outside, and in the house are signs of morning, unbolting and banging of shutters and rattling of coals.

Where is that "message," and why doesn't it come? To wake him? Oh! cruel, cruel! Let him breathe a few happy minutes yet. Let him waken to—

Yes, I thought so: the Irish girl with the coal-scuttle to make up the fire, pushing the chair aside, knocking down the poker, and at the frightful crash Ned opens his eyes.

"Bless me, is it morning?" And before the astonished handmaid is well aware of the chair's occupant, he has retreated into his bed-room and shut the door.

"And the gas blrnin' all night, too! And the mess the table's in! Sure I wish Mr. Edurd 'ud get married, and have some wan to look after 'um."

And she, too, retires, carrying off the tray.

There's the boy at last, whistling as he comes round the corner! One, two, three yellow envelopes. A parley at the gate, the girl sweeping the little path that leads to it. Now they will come up-stairs. How dreadful to pay for such news!

But she does not come up-stairs; she opens an old portemonnaie and pays the boy. He goes whistling out of the gate. Oh, my message, where are you? Resting on the fence, where a chance wind may blow you away.

The sweeping done, she stands a minute looking up and down the street, then takes the envelope and comes up-stairs. She does not knock, she comes in very softly. She knows Ned had a poor night of it. She will not disturb him, but very gently she lays it on the table. Life and death in that yellow envelope, and Ned asleep the other side of the door.

If I could tear it open to see what they say to soften it; if I could! But I cannot touch it, I can only bend over it and ache, so!

The clock on the mantel has stopped. I cannot tell how long it was, but at last the door opened and out he came! Strong and happy with the new morning. Brushing a speck of dust from his shoulder, with his head turned away from the telegram and me. Oh, Ned! look, look here!

I gave him that little mirror, set in steel, that stands on the mantel-shelf—gave it to him to keep for me. Is that any reason he should look into it now, and pull, pull his brown moustache, whistling softly? Oh! his heart is light this morning.

This yellow envelope, Ned, lying here waiting! Ah, he turns, he sees it, he darts on it. His breath comes fast, and he can hardly tear it open in his hurry. What have they said about me?

"Helen was thrown from her horse yesterday, on the Croydon road. Some children had a bonfire. The horse started suddenly and threw her. She was stunned and never spoke afterward. She died at twenty minutes past twelve, midnight. The doctor thinks she did not suffer any.

"CHAUNCEY LEWIS."

I have been with him ever since; of weeks and months I cannot now take note.

On that dreadful morning when the news came, he leaned over the paper still, after he had read it, and turned it about in his hand. I think he was stunned, too; his eyes had no consciousness in them of anything around. Then he threw himself upon the sofa and grovelled there. He seemed crushed down and writhing, and hid his face in the cushion, but uttered no sound. He shut me out—me in the spirit standing there; he would not admit a spiritual thought: but door on themselves and their insufficiency, he would hold out his arms and call to me. And because of his great love, because he would have come to me had he been dead, he knew that I was there.

"She is my conscience," he wrote his mother. "I set my life by her, and as intuitions her quick responses come."

It was early Autumn when the telegram had come, and now it was Summer time. What ailed his mother that she could not leave him in peace? It was lonely and empty enough in his bare old room, but not so empty as the world outside.

How I did struggle with them all against me. Letters came summoning "my son" to Newport. "I am there only for a little while; I need you, Ned." Then two or three men came over and talked the same. They were going; it was vacation now. He could be very quiet, but he must have change. His lonely life was wearing on him; he wouldn't be fit for work next term.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" asked one who called him friend.

"Yes," he answered frankly; "it would be pleasant, I think."

It was his mother who conquered him at last. He said yes to her from very weariness. Vainly I rose up and battled with his weak resolve. If it had been anything he cared about, I should have won my will. But with utter indifference it was impossible to strive. If I could have had him think about it long enough! But he was made of wood that day. He packed his trunk and set off for the train, and he was so hard that I did not know him for my boy. I could not hold him; he had put his soul to sleep, and that shut me out too.

Why should I go? I was never alone in "our" room, for it was mine now. His worn old books, the pictures tacked to the wall, and in the inner room even the dear pillow where his tired head lay down, were all mine. I could possess them and long for his coming back; this was my home.

But after a time he wanted me and I went to him. He had been there two days at his mother's cottage; and I think it was the difference, the girls who were there, that had made him call for me. He called through the darkness and the quiet night, and I came. His hardness was broken down, he was full of longing. And he was angry too!

"What does my mother think of me that she wants me to ride and walk with these people? 'They know all about it,' she says; 'they don't expect you to be gay. But for my sake, and because they are my guests, and it is so stupid for them here, Ned, do show them some attention!'"

"Attention, the empty creatures! There isn't a girl among them but is making eyes at me now. I can see it, all smiles, or ready to receive me as a possible——Faugh!"

I nestled close to him then, and kissed him. I was so happy. How could I help it? But he went on:

"All except one. That black-haired girl with the gray eyes; she don't look at me even, and don't answer when I hand her the rolls. She has some sense, that Isabel—Isabel Carter."

"But, my darling Nelly, come to me! Can't you come, or must I go back to Cambridge to hold you again?" and held out his hands in the old way.

I was there, and I made him know it. He was comforted, and I could read his soul; down in the depth of it there was no thought save of me.

Why then was I so full of jealous anguish? A horrible ache for the future possessed me. Why did the gray-eyed girl look away? Why wouldn't she rattle and laugh with the rest?

I must see her for myself. In a minute I was in her room. She had just put out her candle. The slender smoke was rising from it yet. She had opened the window, and was leaning out into the damp night air. She was wrapped in a loose white dressing-sacque, and her hair was hanging down her back.

You are not very beautiful, I thought, pale face. Even I in my grave, triumph over you there! And as though she had heard me, she said half aloud:

"He can never love me. That Miss Murray was very beautiful. I remember her picture in New York. There was a crowd round it at the Academy, and they said it wasn't half as handsome as she was. She had a proud little mouth, I remember, but such loving eyes. 'Eyes like stars,' some man said. And such lots of light-brown hair. But she wasn't a blonde. At least she wasn't a wash blonde. I hate blondes. She had a bright color; everything was bright about her, hair and eyes. I am so dingy pale! No, no; go to bed, Isabel, like a good girl, and think of something else." She drew down the blind and shut the moonlight out, and lighted her candle again, humming softly as she prepared for bed.

"Come home, Ned, come," I whispered in his ear as he lay still asleep. "Come home to-morrow." He was with me in his dream, floating with me in a boat on Martin's Lake. He pushed in among the pond-lilies and gathered them for me. He put them dripping in my hair and on my breast and on the rowlocks of the boat. "Let us go home," I pleaded, and he awakened with a start.

"Nelly, I thought we were at home!"

Did I weary him with my pleading, I wonder? How could he ever find repose in thought of me? I, who was so tossed and anxious, so horribly anxious for the coming days—how could I give him any of the cool freshness and rest of the water-lilies? But he did find comfort somehow, and turned to me that day so many times that I was proud.

Yes, I was there in the midst, living enthroned in his heart—in the midst of the croquet and the chatter. The gray-eyed girl was away that morning. She read in her room. Perhaps she was honestly trying not to love him, not to see him. To make him miss her and think about her, perhaps! I would not read her thought. I hated her. She was my enemy. Let her fight it out and get it over by herself. I should pity her when it was over and she had drowned it out of sight, poor thing!

"When it was over" Ah! I was serene and proud. I was sure. But I wanted to be at home again. I could trust my darling, but I could not trust myself. To think about that even would be more than I could bear.

She came down to dinner. Ned was placed next to her. She did not seem to notice anything he did, and yet she did not talk to any one else. He cut the grapes, at his mother's suggestion. He asked this girl, this Carter girl, twice, if she would have them. She did not answer, and then, when Ned was looking at her and wondering why she did not hear, she turned suddenly and said "Yes," with a blush.

He talked to her that night in the parlor, by the lace curtain. I was in hopes she would be dull, tiresome, but she was not. She had no brightness about her, but a sudden way of saying unusual things. She wasn't like any one else in that room; she knew more.

"She was to teach this Autumn," she told him. Why should she talk about herself at all, forward thing? He did not care to hear her plans, but he listened, he was polite.

"I am poor, you know. I am not like those girls around. Your mother was very kind to invite me here, but it isn't good for me. I begin to want lockets and things."

Ah, Ned, *I* wasn't poor. Was that the reason why his eye should kindle a little as he looked at her? He was praising her honesty in his thought. Just a subtle link of sympathy and an interest in her, as one of the workers too.

"But I shall go home soon. I shall have other associations with the hours than pleasant ones. Here they mean laughter and happy talk and luxurious ease. In New York next Winter they will mean just three dollars and fifty cents. Do I sell myself dear?" and she looked up at him with a scornful smile.

"Why New York?" he stammered, for he could think of nothing else to say; the question had been rudely direct. "Why not come to Boston? It's the Paradise for teachers."

"I thank you. It is the fool's paradise. I prefer the solid earthiness of Knickerbocker pay. I don't want appreciation, friendship; I want money! And," after a long pause, "then I shall go and die in Sorrento on the money. I have a little picture hanging in my room and—good-night!" checking herself, and rising suddenly.

Was it that she had been tempted into a confidence, and had resumed her mantle of reserve? Was it as penance she went straight to her room, after a cold good-night to the rest of them?

She was my enemy. I would not read her thought. Was it Ned's idea or mine that there had been some stage effect in Isabel Carter's talk? He puzzled over it that night. It was not altogether clear to me; how should it be to him? I wished that he would dismiss the subject, but he mused about her a little to himself, and said once out aloud, "Three dollars and a half!"

The next day and the next were the way of all sea-side days. There was a sail, and singing on the rocks, and walking with wet feet among the sea-weed. It was all very dreary, I hoped, for Ned; but he sat by Isabel in the boat and looked at her. He was very dreary, and so was she; there was a companionship in that. I ought to have wished him to laugh and be gay; it would have taken him apart from her.

But they walked together, these two, while the rest were laughing and screaming. There were few words, but she seemed to enter subtly into his mood, and to let fall a dark saying now and then; careless, defiant of life, reckless, impatient for the end.

"You, tired of life!" he said with something of a protecting interest in his tone. "You child, you don't know what you are talking about. You don't know what life is yet!"

"Do I not?" she said. "I know what the world is, then. Bitter and harsh to the woman who dares stand alone and defy it—if she be like me, neither beautiful enough for a success nor patiently ugly enough to plod her way through unnoticed. These very girls who kissed me this morning will patronize me next winter if I keep within the social bounds. If I presume to go alone, if it's only to a concert or a theatre, they will cut me dead."

"But you need not go alone? You will surely have friends there, people to take an interest in you."

She clenched her hand.

"I *will not* have them," she said. "I will not be pitied, patronized! I hate friendship; it is uneven, one-sided, with girls like me. I would rather have enemies, all the world, except—"

And again she checked herself, but I filled up the hiatus, and so did Ned. He turned the talk abruptly to some white sail over the sea, and she, too, dropped into the commonplace.

The next day was the "prost" day. They were to leave in the afternoon boat, all the party. There was croquet on the lawn, as usual; Ned was playing, but Isabel Carter sat on the piazza with a book; in a cool white morning-dress, a little brown hat shading her face, and a knot of brown ribbon at her throat. The very absence of positive color made a picture of her, and her eyes were clear and deep. Did Ned see her? I believe he did.

A travelling peddler crossed the lawn and approached the croquet party. He opened his trays, and, bowing low, displayed for their inspection a quantity of shell ware, bracelets, and necklaces and eardrops, carved in tortoise shell; beautiful things, some of them. There were exclamations of "lovely," "exquisite," and some of the girls came running to the house for their purses.

Ned's hand closed on something. "How much?" he said in an aside to the peddler. The man answered behind his hand, and there was a rapid transfer of something between them, so quickly done that no one saw.

The man had gone, and the girls were in their rooms, and Ned in his, with this box on the table before him. In it lay a simple little locket of dark shell, rich and dark as a lump of onyx, the device a serpent coiled. It looked like a true lover's knot at first, but a second glance showed the serpent.

Ned was writing a little note to fold around the box. He tore up several sheets, and threw the pen down at last.

"She is so confoundedly proud I don't know how to offer it."

Then in desperation he hastily wrote—

"Will Miss Carter carry with her from Newport this bit of shell, a locket I believe they call it?"

He paused over the signature, and finally scribbled down—

"One who also wants many things, more than he knows how to tell."

Oh, Ned! Ned! At least you know what you say. He did not know it. I believe he wrote the words with a kind of fatal inconsequence; but they stood written none the less.

And they were given. They stood upon the pier waiting for the boat, the gay, laughing party, and a little apart Isabel Carter, with a dark plaid shawl I had learned to hate, hanging upon her arm. Ned's mother was surrounded by the others, and Ned was making his adieus also. When he came to Isabel—why should she stand apart from the rest but to give him his opportunity, and why should she be arranging the contents of her travelling-bag?

"Please put this in too," he said, handing her the little parcel.

"What is it?" she said, holding it curiously in her hand.

"Only a shell I gathered for you, a Newport shell."

And as the boat was already there, puffing and ringing, he lifted his hat and said—

"I hope we may meet again."

"In Sorrento," she said, with a flash that was unusual in her quiet face.

He would have spoken; he leaned forward again, but I flung myself between them with all my soul; I enveloped him in a golden mist of the past, of our dear young love. He drew back, dizzy, bewildered, and passed his hand over his eyes.

In another minute she was gone, and the white handkerchiefs were waving as the boat rounded away.

He walked slowly back with his mother. She talked all the way home, but I do not think he heard much of what she said. I possessed him entirely. The old time had come over him like a flood, and he was all mine.

No thought of Isabel Carter came to him that day. I would not upbraid him; he was conscious of a friendly interest in her—no more. If he had to seek the logic of his position in those dreadful days that were over now, it would be all the worse for him and me.

Let us go away to our house, dear—our own little room, the room where I am a necessity to thee. Let me fill thee with myself, as of old.

We went home. He took up his daily life and went through his accustomed hours with no weariness, certainly, but alas! no enthusiasm. Would the old fire never kindle again?

He shivered as he raised his desk-lid one day and saw the half-finished manuscripts lying there. Was that, too, a part of me, and had they died when I did? He laughed and talked with the men who came. They had dropped out of their faces the look of long-drawn sympathy; he was their old Ned to them, and they talked their rattling talk; cynicism with a purpose was the tone prevailing there.

But Ned was softer, dreamier than he used to be; something had gone out of him—the steel that was in him, I thought. Was it my fault? Perhaps it was. He was bathed in languid dreams of me. I was at every turn of his life; not to inspire, not to strengthen, I am sure. His face was altered, it had lost its hard lines; the whole man was relaxed, and in that expectant condition that courts the lightning.

It came, a letter from her. Would I could have scorched it up before it reached his hand. It lay on the table where mine had lain, a shapely, hateful handwriting, and letters all too bold.

When he came in and saw it, he started visibly and turned it about, and looked at it again before he opened it. I read it over his shoulder—

"I said that I hated friendship. I make one exception; it is you! Be my friend. I want to talk with you when my work is over, to ask you questions. You are a teacher too; you understand. But you love your work, and I—the more I love my art, the more horrible is the preliminary drumming I encounter every day with those *bêtes* of New York girls. Tell me if people grow ever tired in your Boston paradise. If their heads ache sometimes. I made twenty-eight dollars last week. I shall double it this.

Experimentally yours, I. C.

The experiment told; Ned wrote a long letter to her that night, was occupied and eager over it. The living interest of which his heart was empty lay before him; should he not grasp it, lose himself in it? This, I think, was what he felt: he would help her and stand strong himself, as needing none.

Friend—bah! I knew she was in love with him; how could I make him know it too? Such a cunningly-worded letter—such a bravado in it of all the world but him; and then the little bit of headache thrown in adroitly, to remind him that the writer was a woman, and tender, and that the work hurt. I was heavy on his heart that night, and I think there was a little impatience about him.

"Why should I think Nelly wouldn't like this letter?" he said, aloud, as he stood over his fire. "She who hadn't a spark of jealousy in her, the darling; should she be jealous when she is dead? The living Nelly knew her power all too well, she was born so high."

Jealous, me? Alive? Let me see the girl who could dispute Ned's heart with me. But, Ned, I am dead. These are shadow-hands; they are weak and pale. And my face, that I loved because Ned did, is a vision, nothing more. It is fearful odds, dear Ned, the dead against the living. But with you on my side, I need not fear.

It is of no use to linger in the telling. Letters came and went. I scorned to read hers after awhile; but his, I scanned them every word. I saw it growing—it, peeping out in this word and that unconscious phrase. She would see it too; she was lynx-eyed.

Ned went to New York on business—some college-meeting into which he was dragged. He could not have gone had she not been there!

Should I go too, to play the spy? Could I not trust him? Why wear out his nights with weary battling and profitless dreams of me? Could I lean over his pillow and be with him, when he had come that night from her?

I flung away the horror from me. I waited for him at home. I do not know how long it was, but he came at last.

He came in impatient, vexed at something. In a minute I knew what it was. He was afraid—my own boy, afraid of home. There was a reproach in the very walls. The thoughts he had thought there were mine. He bustled about, swore over his pipes on the mantel-shelf—somebody had disturbed them; and with a sudden movement of his arm, he knocked down my little mirror—my little Venetian mirror that he was keeping for me. The glittering fragments lay on the floor. He stood a minute.

"It's just as well," he said, with a short sigh; "poor Nelly!"

And he went into his chamber and banged the door after him.

Why should I follow him when "it was as well?" The next morning he wrote a letter, a long letter. It was an honest letter, and told the truth about the past. I pass over the first part; it was all about me. But the last words were:

"But she is dead. And you, you are nearer to me than any living woman. I put my life in your hands. Hold it if it seems worth the holding. Shall we not, we two workers, find our Sorrento here? Entirely yours, NED."

Ah, Ned! dear Ned! Now, now am I dead indeed!—*The Galaxy.*

☞ A Dr. Nicholls, in a work entitled "How to Live on a Dime and a Half a Day," makes the remarkable assertion that "Sir Walter Scott wrote his stories on an empty stomach." In face of this astonishing fact Mr. Zirka's drum-head sinks into comparative insignificance.

☞ Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says: "It is better to speak panegorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

☞ A note from one of the young ladies of a fashionable seminary says: "Delegations of students from Amherst and East Hampton occasionally wander up and down the walks in front of the seminary, doubtless to admire the beauty of the buildings or the arrangement of the grounds."

☞ A New York broker was astonished, upon returning home the other day, to find his two daughters, both well in their teens, sliding down the lower-hall banisters. His astonishment was changed to indignation when the flushed damsels informed him that they intended to try riding astride some day, and were taking preparatory lessons.

☞ The Rondout Times has been victimized by a travelling "jour." printer, who is described as "a short, scrawny individual, with more jaw than a government mule."

Twenty Years Younger.—To say that hundreds of maids, wives and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means of making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes, but very rarely, crowns the charm of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet cheek, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the rounded arm. To preserve the "glory of woman" unblemished, even after the meridian of life has been passed, it is only necessary to use daily this cooling, healthful, vegetable preparation.

☞ A California man tied one end of a lariat around his waist, and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had the cow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the cow had him.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., will send his book on CHRONIC DISEASES free to any address. 593.

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct12-17

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Rashurn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken. The lowest club price of THE POST (with Chromo) being $2.50.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in all cases, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 30 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($3.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $4.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $15 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address **H. PETERSON & Co.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

CLUBS.

In getting up subscriptions for Clubs or a Premium list, the term of subscription can begin at any time. The beginning of a new Novelet is always an excellent period to commence subscriptions—for instance, the first number in October, with the opening of the Novelet of "John Passmore's Plot."

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

We publish the following extract of a private letter recently received from an English gentleman, to show our readers the present condition of things in England, and to comfort them with the thought that if affairs are not always managed at home in the wisest manner, neither are they abroad. We are truly sorry, however, to hear that our English cousins are having just now such an unfortunate time of it—and we trust the tide of prosperity will turn again before long in their favor. Our correspondent writes, under date of Sep. 27th, as follows:

"In England we are in the midst of the Equinoctial gales, and for ten days past also have had cold, winterly weather. Hard times are, I fear, before the poor. Most things have failed—fruit of every description, the crops to some extent, the fisheries; and now meat and coal are at famine prices, and our beautiful government is increasing our taxes, without enriching the Exchequer. * * As an example in the matter of taxing, they have just put on to my house an extra £15 yearly, without the slightest cause or justification, or rhyme or reason. Many of my friends have been served worse than I. You will be having some of us over in America—though perhaps we should not be much better off."

In answer to this last sentence, we would say that a large class of Englishmen undoubtedly would be better off if they came to the United States—and another, though smaller class, would probably not be.

Our crops have, as a general thing, been abundant—and food and coal, as compared with wages, are not dear. There is a great demand for all kinds of mechanical labor, and especially *skilled* labor. Agricultural labor is also in demand; while men with a small capital can buy good land at low prices in almost all the States.

Whether shopkeepers, and the better educated and more intelligent classes of Englishmen in their various employments, would improve their condition by coming to America, is, we think, doubtful. We do not feel quite certain that those classes here are doing well now, or have been doing well for several years past. We are rather inclined to think they are being ground to powder between reduced profits and the high cost of living. That they are, in fact, merely holding on as well as they can for better times.

We say we incline to this opinion, but we are by no means certain of it. Still, we should not advise any foreigner to immigrate with an intention of entering the ranks of our middle classes, except as an agriculturalist or a manufacturer. In either of these departments of industry, if he understands his business, he may do well. Especially, we judge, in manufactures.

☞ "Idle worship"—Feminine devotion to strange gawds.

☞ A bad style of arithmetic—Division among families.

☞ Two newspaper editors in Montana Territory have bet their offices, good-will and all, on the Congressional election in a certain district.

☞ Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

☞ A Chicago poet began an apostrophe to the ocean with "Prodigious dampness."

☞ The lightning burnt the hair off a Wisconsin man's head, but neglected to finish him. Effect of Indian example.

☞ Herbal medicines are all very well, but pretty women often find *thyme* injurious.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of the Beautiful Chromos of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $3. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50 subscribers, at $3 each,			a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	$50.00
For 40	"	"	a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth	40.00
For 40	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth	50.00
			or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth	55.00
			or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth	60.00
For 30	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth	30.00
For 30	"	"	a Novelty Printing Press, worth	20.00
For 20	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth	20.00
For 14	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	14.00
For 12	"	"	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
			or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
			or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth	12.00
For 10	"	"	a Silver-plated Castor, worth	10.00
For 9	"	"	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth	9.00
			or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth	10.00
			or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth	10.00
			or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	9.00
For 5	"	"	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth	4.50
For 4	"	"	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth	4.00
For 4	"	"	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth	3.00
For 2	"	"	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth	1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5 subscribers at $3 each,			No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth	4.00
For 6	"	"	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth	4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3 subscribers at $3 each,			One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,	2.50
			or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each	1.25
For 5	"	"	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 8 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth	3.50

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 5 subscribers, at $3 each,			Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth	4.00
For 4	"	"	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth	3.75
For 5	"	"	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth	3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12 subscribers, at $3 each,			Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth	10.00
For 10	"	"	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth	9.00
For 8	"	"	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth	7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3 subscribers, at $3 each,			One Set Tea Spoons,			Extra Plate,	worth		2.25
For 5	"	"	"	"	"	Triple	"	"	4.00
For 6	"	"	"	" Dessert	"	Extra	"	"	4.35
For 8	"	"	"	"	"	Triple	"	"	6.50
For 7	"	"	"	" Table	"	Extra	"	"	5.50
For 10	"	"	"	"	"	Triple	"	"	8.25
For 8	"	"	"	"	" Forks,	Extra	"	"	5.50
For 10	"	"	"	"	"	Triple	"	"	8.25
For 4	"	"	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth						2.00
For 6	"	"	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth						5.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be new subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address **H. PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

SOME PRE-HISTORIC FOLKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is a source of unspeakable comfort to me to believe that mankind are descended from monkeys. As I've told you before, it is a happifying thought—the thought that we weren't made human beings in the first place, but came down link by link in the golden chain of creation, from the four-legged brute kingdom. And that we brought down with us, friend, from yours and my monkey ancestors, divers and sundry undeniably four-legged traits. (Meaning no disrespect thereby to the ugly little brutes whom we recognize as our ancestors.) Especially is this sweet thought a comfort to me during election times.

In no other way can I account for the queer goings on of my fellow-countrymen at these annually recurring periods, than by this Darwin monkey theory. Viewed in the light of their monkey ancestors, my dumb old brain can gradually understand those torchlight patriots who save their country once a year. It takes no end of tar-barrels and smoky lights stuck upon the ends of long sticks, to save the country. Besides tar-barrels, I've noticed that it also takes barrels and barrels of patriotism, sold by the glassful. It takes wigwams, and war-whoops, and war dances, and bristling pow-wows without number. It is necessary to the salvation of our beloved America, that, for weeks and weeks before election, there should be kept up the absurd show of torchlight processions. I don't know what in the name of common sense torchlight processions have to do with saving the country, but the patriots always have to have 'em, with their horrid smoke and smell and noise. I am persuaded that no sane man would consent to make a monkey show of himself in that manner, if he wasn't descended from the monkey tribe in the first place. If I had a husband, and he would march in a torchlight procession, I'd never stop proceedings till I had got the dear soul safely deposited in a lunatic asylum.

The other evening all three of us were here peacefully at home in the bosom of our family, conscious of having spent the day in doing our duty of getting all we could out of the world, and giving as little as possible in return; we were all three thusly, as I said, and were about going to bed to sleep the sleep of virtue and innocence, when suddenly afar down the street we heard a sound like the triumphant braying of five hundred cheerful mules. Again it came, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before, and immediately following it came another sound, worse, yea, infinitely worse than the braying of five hundred happy mules. And the second sound sounded so—

Doodle doodle, doodle doodle, doodle doodle, doodle doodle,
Squeaky squeaky, squeaky squeaky, squeaky squeaky.

(This is poetry.)

By and by the noise turned the corner, and then we saw that it was a pack of idiots performing their manly duty of saving the country. There were about fifty of them, more or less, not counting the ragged imps of boys who ran behind, shrieking and yelling as though they had just come from having a wholesale spanking. I tell you the torchlighters looked imposing! Upon their heads they wore scarey red caps, and around their manly necks they wore ferocious blue capes. They looked like the Bandits of the Osage, starting out to kill and steal. Each brave of them carried a frightful weapon of a broomstick with a thing on the top end which smelt and smoked immensely, and burned very dimly. In the front rank I recognized the fierce and warlike countenances of three dry-goods clerks and a tailor. Thereat I fled wildly away, scared almost to death, and hid myself beneath the bed. The last I heard with my own ears was doodle doodle, squeaky squeaky. I haven't got over my scare yet. I'm very nervous whenever I hear anything resembling the sound of a cracked fife saying doodle doodle.

Next morning I read in the paper that two dry-goods stores and one dwelling-house had been robbed by sneak thieves who sneaked in at the back door while the clerks and the folks had gone to the front to stare at the diabolical torchlight procession. It's my belief that the sneak thieves and burglars are exactly the instigators of these torchlight hullaballoos, just so they can draw folks out at the front door while they themselves slip in at the back, and make a "good thing" out of it.

Besides the robberies occasioned by the torchlighters, I also discovered that a young man on the sidewalk had been struck with a boulder by some one in the procession, and had his skull fractured, and died in a few hours. I wasn't surprised. I expected to read something of that kind.

Now, why under the sun can't a man hold his political opinions quietly, and mind his own business and go on election-day and vote like a decent Christian, without going into monkeyish torchlight proceedings and that sort of thing? Why, oh, why! must he roll himself over and over in the dirt, and throw up his heels and 'rah for Smith? Is it the intrinsic fault of politics, or is it the fault of our patriotic fellow-countrymen that, for months and months before an election, we are so bored and worritted and sickened out that we are tempted to wish there weren't any country-savers? I'm sure I wish there were none now. I wish they'd let the country go to rack and ruin awhile, just for a little change.

Which reminds me that this very day is 'lection-day, and the descendants of the monkeys have been at it all day, saving the country to the tune of doodle doodle squeaky. All day long a bony white horse, like the steed of Don Quixote, has been drawing up and down our street a wagon containing six blessed dunces equipped with fife and drum and all the other infernal paraphernalia of election-days. They make Heaven and earth hideous as they go.

How my soul swells with patriotism as I behold that bony white steed and those six blessed dunces! How I adore the institutions of my country as my eye loves 'em in the distance! As they say in the Black Crook:

"Heow mee little hawt fluttahs!"

ZIG.

DOMESTIC discomfort is, in many cases, to be attributed to the ignorance of wives on the subject of housekeeping, and particularly in the matter of good cooking. An uncomfortable home and ill-prepared meals drive many a man to take refuge from domestic troubles in convivial company. The knowledge alone of French, drawing, dancing and music, does not fit a marriageable girl to superintend a household, and an acquaintance with the various duties of domestic life forms an important branch of female education. These views have been adopted by the directors of the Santa Clara Agricultural Society of California. These gentlemen, at their recent exhibition, offered premiums ranging from $10 to $40 to the unmarried girls who would prepare the best plain dinners, not to exceed the cost of $4. A committee was appointed to examine the tables, test the quality of the viands provided, decide upon their respective merits, and award the prizes.

☞ The Boston Post tells us that "a noble colored man in Memphis successfully signalled danger ahead to an approaching train with his wife's red flannel petticoat." The circumstance confirms the Courier-Journal in the opinion that every man who lives in the neighborhood of a railroad ought to compel his wife to wear a red flannel petticoat.

HER LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One eve at the piano
I felt my heartstrings thrill
With as merry strains of music
As any bird could trill,
And my fingers wandered over
The white and whispering keys,
And played the very sweetest
Of all sweet melodies.

Next day there came a letter;
A dainty thing of white,
All sweet with scent of pansies,
And full of love's delight.
And then I knew the secret
Of the music in my heart;
She had written me at twilight,
And though so far apart,
I had felt her sweet thoughts thrilling
My breast the eve before,
While she wrote her dainty letter,
My darling Leonore.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—A friend at my elbow, who, by the way, has just escaped from the Lunatic Asylum, propounds the following:—"What is the difference between a lady and a politician?" And before I have time to "give it up," answers: "A lady gets tired of trimming and a politician don't." I suppose there must be a joke in there somewhere, but we who have never belonged to any "rings," and don't know a Republican from a Democrat, will be pardoned if we fail to see it. The conundrum, so far as the lady is concerned, is easily followed, and in cogitating upon it, it occurs to me that there is no good reason for presuming that a lady ever does tire of trimming, if by that we are to understand the ornamental appendages to dress. I have been to five or six hundred "Openings" (more or less) the past week, and I have good grounds for my opinion. Ruffling, and ruching, and flouncing, and fringing, and fluting, together with lace, and points, and scallops, and kilt pleating, and folds, and bands on the bias, have been a chronic ailment for some time, but it seems to me if ever "Lovely woman stoops to folly," she is doing it this season, when she wears a dress upon which can be seen all the above-named trimmings, and a band of velvet around the bottom in the bargain. I'm glad—more than that, I am supremely thankful, that I did not inherit from our common mother any talent in the dressmaking line, for I know "that way madness lies." It is confusing to *look* at a dress now-a-days, and if one had to build it, I'd rather not be that *one*—that's all.

Taking the plain structure, without this wilderness of ornamentation, and I confess I am not struck with astonishment at its originality; we have still the gored skirt, plain in the front and very full at the back, to accommodate what Webster would define as "rapid motion, great stir, noise and agitation"—*i. e.* the *bustle*. It is long in the front (the skirt, not the bustle) just barely showing the toes, which "like little Guinea pigs, steal in and out," (I believe the quotation is correct—if not, I accept all apologies), while behind it sports what a connoisseur would call a demi-train, and which gentlemen find particularly convenient to wipe their muddy boots on. The upper strata is usually a polonaise, very high in the neck, and in most instances furnished with coat sleeves—a few half-flowing sleeves are seen, but they do not seem to be the popular idea for promenade suits. Still, if any one has a remarkably plump, white arm, and is desirous of advertising the fact, she can't find a better medium than the flowing sleeve—and if she happens to freeze to death some January day, it's nobody's business but her own. Among the suits on exhibition at our great retail emporiums, was one with which I was particularly pleased. It was silk of the thickest, heaviest, softest, stiffest, richest, costliest kind, and it was of that rare royal-purple shade that Cleopatra wore when she dreamed she was with her Antony, and there was something suggestive of thrones and sceptres in the heavy hand-embroidery that trailed its quivering vines and lovely blossoms around the edge of both skirt and polonaise.

Left thus, the dress would have been a success, and the wearer would have looked every inch a queen; but it was not to be, and all that human ingenuity could invent in the way of ornamentation was thrown pell-mell upon that one unfortunate suit. There were ruffles at the top, and ruffles at the bottom; ruffles perpendicular, and ruffles horizontal; and diagonal ruffles. There were flounces with ruffles on the edge of them, there were puffs which seemed as headings to ruffles, and there was fringed-out ruching top of that; and there were bands of satin, in the same royal shade, edged with just a narrow piping of royal-purple velvet. And there was black-thread lace in great profusion, and royal-purple fringe falling from beneath points bound in royal-purple satin. "But," inquires a petulant, doubting reader, "*where* was all this trimming?" I answer: On that royal-purple dress. The price of that magnificent affair, as shown by the ticket right over the "Please not handle," was $2,000, and I've no doubt but many a month watered for it. Mine didn't, but my eyes would if I had been compelled to wear it, for it looked as though it might weigh a ton. But *apropos* of dresses—one like that is all anybody can stand, I know. Hats have gone up. (No slang intended.) The crowns are several degrees higher than they were in the Summer; they stand now, at least, 108 in the shade. I don't know where they are bound for, but if they keep on at the rate they are going they will get there, certain. Felt, and velvet, and a fine corded-silk, are the materials most in use for the hat proper; while feathers of every description, from the long, rich, ostrich plume and flecky marabout, down to a chipping-bird's wing, are seen in trimming; ribbon and velvet, and Autumn leaves, and flowers of the shade of the hat, are thrown in in rich profusion and considerable confusion. Some hats have narrow brims turned up at one side, others have narrow brims turned up at both sides, and others have narrow brims turned up all around; while others still have *no* brims, and as a consequence they don't turn up anywhere. A modest price for a hat this season, at a millinery bazaar, is $25. The same hat made at home would cost about $5, all things included.

They have, too, in the furnishing stores, what they call "A New Style of Blouse;" but it is not a new style by any means. It is the old Garibaldi waist, that we all of us took a shy at some ten years ago, only now it has a broad, sailor-collar, with an anchor on each corner, which is no improvement. The waists—or blouses, by modern nomenclature—are warm, and comfortable for winter wear, but I don't know of anything else to say in their favor. A very slender person can wear them without looking a fright, but one at all inclined to *embonpoint* presents much the appearance of a pillow with a string tied around it; and if such an one has any doubts of her adorer's love and constancy, let her at once purchase, without regard to money or price, one of these "new-style blouses." If he loves her in that, and remains constant, he will love her in anything, and remain constant through small-pox, paralysis and old age. She can calculate that she has got a dead-sure thing on him, and sit down in contentment (and her blouse), and not comb her hair until after dinner.

In the way of news and gossip, I do not know that anything very startling has taken place here within the last few days. We have plenty of murders, but they are only startling to the party murdered.

The fair of the American Institute is in full blast, and I have attended it religiously in hopes I might see in it something different from other fairs, but as yet I have been the prey of disappointment. The building in which the fair is held is large, and when lighted up for evening receptions presents a magnificent appearance—I would go farther to see that, than all the machinery, patent churns, new soap, and grease-spot eradicators they have got there. They have a bedstead there I would like to have though—I forgot that. It is a beautiful thing, and requires an abler pen than mine to do it justice. It is all gilt, and black moulding, and French veneering, and rose-wood, and everything. It gets up and pretends to be a wardrobe—then whirls around with its face to the wall as though it was ashamed of itself for being such a vile impostor, then grows weak in the knees and tumbles all down into the very luxurious-est of luxurious beds, all made up ready to jump right into. I declare! it is enough to make anybody sleepy to think of it, let alone seeing it; and then there is a splendid little canopy overhead—over-foot too—all cut out in scallops and filagree-work, to fasten a mosquito-net on, and a big mirror in the foot-board to——. Well! I was going to tell what that was for, but I don't believe I know. Perhaps it is put there so you can see how you look when you are asleep. Anyhow I will inquire about it next time I go in there.

The strong-minded ladies, whom I complimented on their silence in my last, had a grand rally a few evenings since, at Cooper Institute. Everybody was cordially invited to attend. It was a Grant and Wilson rally, and the meeting was addressed by such shining lights as the Rev. Olympia Brown, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. They had chosen for their motto: "With malice toward none—with charity for all;" but I would not have given a great deal for the charity Horace would receive at their hands, while the malice in their hearts was something frightful to contemplate. But as the audience was principally made up of Greeleyites who threw in the groans, and hisses, and cheers in the proper places, it averaged very well.

I looked on and listened attentively from "soup to raisins." I admired the eloquence and patriotism of the women who occupied the platform, but so long as they had no vote, and were not likely to have, I could not see what good all that "chin-music" would do Grant and Wilson, or what particular harm it could do Greeley and Brown.

But I did not set out to give a report of the meeting, so will close.

BENEATH THE TREES.

Underneath the trees we sit:
And the breezes, as they flit
Softly by,
Throw the shadows of the boughs
Over little Mandie's brows
Prettily.

Watchet, winning, wondering eyes,
Gazing on the land that lies
O'er the isa,
Building castles in the air—
How, I wonder, do you there
Picture me?

Lying near my longing lips
Are her dainty finger tips.
Little hand!
Much I'm tempted you to kiss:
Very hard it is such bliss
To withstand!

There it lies, so soft and white;
If she knew what dear delight,
Did she choose,
To me it might now impart,
Could she find it in her heart
To refuse?

Were I brave enough to dare,
Would that fringe of golden hair,
Sweet to see,
On her forehead lower down,
Till she turned a cruel frown
Upon me?

No one near, and no one coming—
All is still; save for the humming
Of a bee
Hovering near my darling's dress,
(So should I, I must confess,
Were I he?)

That kiss might the preface be
To the opportunity
That I need,
All my longing to express,
And my loving tenderness
Humbly plead.

Sweet white forehead, do not frown!
Do not, pretty eyes, look down
Angrily
When that little hand I've kissed;
Love, too mighty to resist,
Urges me!

* * * * *

Fly away you noisy bee,
Do not use my property
For a throne.
Maudie, that most priceless prize—
Maudie, hand, and hair, and eyes,
Is my own!

ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

The brooks ripple stilly and shiveringly through field and forest, the wind-flower, yellow-gorse and golden-rod have taken the daisies' and buttercups' place; the swallows have flitted southward; the grain is harvested, and the sound of the flail is heard from morning till night. In the tangled pine-forests the muscadine hangs in heavy purple clusters, and already the holly-berries and mistletoe peep out crimson and snow-white. In the Southern land the fields are white with the cotton, the lint-room throws out its fleecy storm, and at eventide the weary pickers return laden with their milk-white spoil. The sky is cloudless, and through the still air floats the weird piping "Bob White! Bob White!"

The mountains are wrapped in a purple haze, and at night the floating cloudlets, resting on their tops, seem to wrap them in a leaden-colored shroud, while rough old Boreas stops his bowling to chaunt shrilly a wailing, sobbing requiem.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

A PARENTAL PROTEST.

MR. EDITOR—Will you allow an exasperated parent to put upon record in your columns his protest against the entire school system of the present day? It is a humbug, a fraud, an imposition, and ought at once to be reformed and made to conform in some measure to what it professes to be.

In common with thousands of other parents who desire that their children shall at least keep up with the average boy and girl, I find myself obliged to spend my evenings in teaching school, doing what I pay others to do during the day time, and in order that my youngsters may be able to go and *recite* at school, spending my leisure hours, and their sleepy ones, in trying to fix in their poor, little weary brains the names of almost unknown rivers in some out-of-the-way portion of the globe, or in trying to explain the important and eminently practical fact that 437 1-7 dollars is 2-7 of 9 times what A paid for his horse, and the horse cost ⅓ of ⅔ of ¾ as much as his carriage: something no doubt that every child ought to know, provided his parents teach it to him. We all know that we make just such calculations as this fifty times a day, and never think of coming at a result in a sensible, direct manner. Dr. Johnson says a school is "a house of discipline and instruction," "a place of literary education," &c., &c., and that a scholar is "one who learns of a master." He also says a schoolmaster "is one who *teaches* in a school." Now, so far as my experience goes, the modern schoolmaster or mistress does none of these things, but merely listens to the recitation of lessons taught by parents at home. I have no hesitation in saying that the whole system of modern teaching, including text-books, maps, and everything else connected with it, is vastly below and behind what was in vogue thirty years since, and that instead of making for us a race of well-educated men and women, it is making candidates for the insane asylum, and piling up a heap of misery in very many forms.

I am perfectly willing that teachers shall be well paid, if they will only *teach*, and may mention that in my capacity of Trustee of a public school, I give a practical illustration of my faith; but I *am* opposed to parents being compelled to teach their children.

As a boy I was well flogged at school, and the memory of the rattan is pleasant as bringing back a time when boys were boys and teachers were teachers. Now we do not flog the boys, and very properly, for those who deserve the flogging are first the *teachers*, and, perhaps, if a parent were made to suffer now and then it would do him good.

NINE, P. M.

P. S.—My wife says "flog the teachers by all means, or at least ⅔ of ¾ of 269-874 of 1,989-2,000 of them."—*Philada. Bulletin.*

OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY M. A. D.

The book of Nature hath opened at October and "getteth short of leaves." The speckled partridges rise in whirring flocks from amid the tall broom-straw and the sedge; the red hawthorn-berries gleam like drops of blood from among the glossy green leaves; chestnuts and chincapins have burst their prickly coverings and lie brown and glistening on their white-satin beds; the sunbeams have grown paler and the moonbeams seem colder than ever. The wind has added a plaintive minor strain to its chord as it whistles through the almost stripped branches, bearing in its arms red, yellow and brown leaves torn off in its mad frolic, and the hazel, beech and walnut trees rain down their rich store into kind old mother Nature's lap, and the squirrel improves the "present smiling hour" by laying up his Winter's provisions.

THE TRAVELLING AGENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I do not refer to the gentleman with a considerable salary who rides about in the cars or a carriage, and negotiates with tradesmen for his employer. Neither have I in mind the persistent boor who enters your domain with a swagger, and attempts bullying you into taking a sewing-machine perhaps, though you may be already supplied with that useful article.

I refer to the man or woman who travels usually on foot, carrying a heavy satchel, and calls at every house to make sale of whatever traps the aforesaid satchel may contain.

The path of life is said to be a chequered one—to such people it must be literally true, without the sunshiny reliefs on the road, which, as a sentiment, the saying would imply.

It is true that now and then you meet one, who is born to the business; a chirrupy, cheerful creature, fresh as a lark, oblivious of slight, who, ignoring the stony stare of Mrs. Propriety, who never had to struggle for her existence, has it in his nature to mollify the disdain even of such people as these.

But, for the most part, these travelling agents are made up of individuals who have failed in health, and can obtain no other employment, and who bear about with them faces so haggard that you recognize their calling before they begin with, "I am selling the famous fountain pen," and if you are troubled with a heart, that sore that is always getting hurt, you will perhaps give away your last bit of scrip, for the oftentimes useless article.

One just left our door, her pale face lit by the hectic of consumption. As she passed out she answered a look of compassionate inquiry by, "You see, I can't teach any longer." "Dear Lord, take her to Thyself speedily," was the prayer sent up.

Now, what is to become of the selfish folks, who might, at least, give an encouraging look, but who only meet these unfortunate-of-the-earth with contempt? How do they expect to be received by them at the gate called beautiful?

If my judgment were consulted, I should say, that if they were (either in this world or the next) for one month, obliged to tramp continually, subject to all the rebuffs and discouragements of these agents, their punishment would suffice for correction.

MARIA S. LADD.

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A PICTURE.

Through heather, moss, and golden rod,
We wandered in the Summer weather,
And heeding scarce the way we trod,
Were glad, because we were together.

And when the noonday sun was high,
A purple rock gave shelter cool,
Where, hidden from the Summer sky,
And flecked with shadows, lay a pool.

It seemed a jewel, bright yet dim;
Wet ferns half stoves to cover it;
Bathed by thyme, about the brim
The wild bees murmured over it.

"And this the wishing well," she cried,
"Where they who drink a boon may crave!"
And kneeling there, the spell she tried;
And though she smiled, her eyes were grave.

Small hands together lightly pressed
From the cool spring she lifted up,
And half in earnest, half in jest,
She offered me the rosy cup.

And in the pool her shadow came,
A picture never to be forgot!
Sweet eyes and falling hair in frame
Of fairy-love and forget-me-not.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XLI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Yes, thus ran the sentence which had put Victor on the right track, at last, and compelled Miles Rugby, as we shall still continue to call him, to resort to such desperate measures.

It told him that Miles was an impostor, and therefore less than nothing to him. But it said nothing of the poor man confined in Belgrave House, and he might never have known that this man was his father had not Miles's fears persuaded him to confine Victor in the asylum also.

The reader will now comprehend the enormity of the crime to which the villain hoped to gain Victor's assent as the price of his liberty.

If he failed in this most bold and desperate move, there was nothing to fear so long as the young man remained at the mercy of his worthy colleague in crime, Benjamin Sykes.

But enough of that. The re-united father and son could not bear to dwell upon the subject. Neither can I.

They sped swiftly on their way to Roundwood. "I must restore my father to my mother's arms," thought Victor. "That is my first duty. And then I shall fly to poor Dora's rescue."

He little guessed that Dora, too, was free, and on her way to the same haven as himself.

At last the travellers overtook a carriage in which sat a man closely muffled. Victor looked at him curiously, as they passed, and a stifled cry escaped his lips.

"It is Carl Muller," he said, shrinking back.

The muffled figure had recognized him in turn.

"Stop!" cried a shrill voice. "I must have a word with you, Victor Raynham."

The driver drew in his horses, and Victor looked back very pale and stern.

"You are Miles Rugby's friend," he said. "You are in league with a villain; and I cannot hold any converse whatever with you."

"Miles Rugby be hanged!" snarled the man. "I want to speak to you on my own account. Look at me, sir, and then refuse if you can."

He threw back the wrappings in which he was muffled. He looked wretchedly thin and emaciated, and his face was livid as that of a corpse.

"You have been ill?"

"Yes," said Carl Muller, bitterly, "nigh to death's door. It's a chance, even yet, if I recover. But I swear I will not die until I've had my vengeance on one woman!"

He looked so diabolical as he said this, that Victor felt compelled to ask:

"To whom do you refer?"

"Honoria Vance."

"Just Heaven! What do *you* know of that woman?"

"Enough to hang her!" was the fierce answer.

Victor began to tremble. Very dimly he saw the clouds breaking along his path. Very faintly the light began to glimmer through.

"Get in here with us," he said, trying hard to control his agitation. "I think we can be of signal service to each other, if you are so disposed."

Carl Muller paid and dismissed his own driver, was then helped to a seat beside Vijal, and the carriage rolled on again.

Not a word was spoken for some time. Then Carl Muller turned around in his seat, of a sudden, and asked:

"What did you mean by saying we might be of service to each other?"

Victor answered readily enough. "Miss Vance does me the honor of claiming me for her husband. Perhaps you will be able to persuade her to give up that claim."

"Heaven save us!" and the man laughed long and loud. "Yes," he said, after a pause, "I think I can even do that."

Then he lapsed into silence.

They soon came in sight of Roundwood. Victor and his father got out at the gate. Of course it would be necessary to prepare Mrs. Raynham for the joyful news that awaited her. It was best she should not see her long-absent husband until she had heard the story of the past.

Vijal and Carl Muller remained in the carriage. The latter had decided to wait for Victor to accompany him when he went to Lotus Lodge. He was wholly ignorant that Honoria had established herself at Roundwood in the character of Victor's wife or widow, as the case might be.

Mr. Raynham and Victor took one of the side-paths that wound through the lawn. The former trembled so that he was scarcely able to walk. Victor sought to calm and encourage him in every possible way; but his own agitation was excessive.

They entered the house by the servant's door. Victor led his father to a small side-apartment.

"You must remain here until I come for you," he said, and went out and closed and locked the door.

He avoided the front of the house, and went up-stairs to his mother's room and knocked for admittance. Mrs. Raynham herself opened the door to him.

She screamed out, at sight of his well-loved faced, and caught him in her arms.

"Oh, my son, my son!" she moaned. "You were gone so long, and I had no word from you. Sometimes I feared you were dead—that I had sent you to your death!"

She clung to his neck and wept. He knew by that sign what torture she had endured in his absence—how she must have feared and trembled.

"I have come back safe and sound," he said, gently releasing himself. Then he stopped and stammered out,

"Mother—I—I—have brought such strange news for you—and such good news, too!"

She stood staring hard at him, and managed to say, after a violent effort,

"That man—Miles Rugby—"

"Is a hardened villain, and an impostor!"

"I knew it!" she screamed, and clung to his neck again.

Putting her away for the second time, he added,

"I have heard news of my own father."

"What have you heard? Oh, for the love of Heaven, speak out."

"He is living."

"Oh, God be praised."

"And he has been a martyr instead of a culprit. You have wronged him in your thoughts all these years."

She stood panting, and turning red, then pale. But she could not speak a word, at first.

"He has been shut up in a mad-house all these years."

Mrs. Raynham heard, and seemed to comprehend everything like a flash.

"You have set him free, Victor, and he is in this house!" she screamed. "Don't torture me any more. Take me to him this instant!"

Victor took hold of her arm, and they went rushing down-stairs together. They reached the door of the apartment in which Leonard Raynham stood waiting.

Victor turned the key, pushed his mother across the threshold—then drew back.

The meeting between the long-separated husband and wife, was something too sacred for even a son's eyes to gaze upon.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE THREAD UNWINDS.

Tom Marvel was right in thinking Miles had started for Roundwood in utter ignorance of Dora's escape from the rendezvous in Hook Dock.

His journey there was one of those reckless moves he had found himself impelled to make more than once, during the progress of the desperate game he was playing.

He had left Hook Dock without going near the room in which he supposed Dora was still held a prisoner. Indeed, he had jumped on board the train without seeing the fugitives, or having the slightest suspicion who was so near him.

What could have taken this daring rogue to Roundwood at such a time, do you ask?

His going there would, under some circumstances, have been a master-stroke of low cunning. But, as the case then lay, he over-reached himself in trying to make the ground he trod upon *too* solid—he made too bold a throw at last, as men are apt to do, and lost all.

His object can be stated in a very few words.

He had read Vincent Raynham's true character more accurately than any of those about the young man had done; and now he was going to propose to him the very thing he had suggested to Dora, the day before: namely that he, Vincent, should marry her at once, and take her to Europe before she could make any disclosures that were likely to harm himself.

On arriving at Roundwood he rung the bell, and asked to see Vincent alone, and was shown into the library where the young man was sitting.

Vincent rose in surprise, for to him Miles was an utter stranger.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he asked, somewhat haughtily.

"You shall hear in one minute," returned Miles, coolly helping himself to a seat.

"I wish to hear *directly*."

"Hmmph. Well, I have come to this house to consult with you in regard to a young lady who once resided here."

Vincent's handsome face flushed and then grew pale.

"I suppose you refer to Miss Desmond?" he said.

"I refer to Dora Desmond."

"Can you tell me where to find her? I am at my wit's end. I would pay you well to guide me to her place of refuge."

"Gently, my lad, gently. You are altogether too fast for me. Before we say another word concerning Miss Dora, I'd like to ask if you have any idea with whom you are conversing?"

Vincent eyed him sharply, shrugged his shoulders, and answered—

"Not the slightest, sir."

"I am your father!"

The young man started back and gave a low cry. "Don't come here with any such cock-and-bull story as that," he said, roughly. "I am not such a fool as to believe it."

Miles only smiled, and said—

"I will soon convince you that I speak the truth."

"Do so if you can."

The plausible villain then went on to tell the story of the past in very nearly the same words in which he had told it to Victor already. Vincent listened, doubted, wondered, and ended in believing.

This audacious man had the Raynham face and voice and smile, at all events. He might be what he pretended to be, after all.

Vincent did not question him very closely. His thoughts were all of Dora, and he was wondering what Miles could know of her. He scarcely troubled himself to think upon this new relationship at all.

"I have listened to you patiently," he said, when Miles had concluded. "And I don't dispute anything you have told me. Now let us drop everything else and speak of Dora for a few minutes."

"With all my heart."

"Where is the girl?"

"In my care, just at present. And I will yield her up to you on two conditions."

Vincent's eyes began to sparkle.

"Name them," he said, in a whisper.

"You must marry her at once, take her directly to the old world, and see that she holds no communication whatever with anybody on this side the water for the space of one year."

"I agree to that."

"And you are solemnly to swear not to act upon any revelation she may make to you, no matter whom that revelation may concern."

Vincent hesitated a moment, a swift pallor swept over his face, and then he answered:

"I agree to that also."

"Good," and Miles slapped him approvingly over the shoulder. "You are a worthy chip of the old block, my boy. I was sure I had made no mistake in appealing to you."

These words had scarcely passed his lips when the curtain that draped one of the more distant windows was suddenly swept aside, and Honoria Vance stepped from behind it, her face purple and livid with passion.

"You wretches!" she cried, in a low voice of intense rage. "I've heard every word that has passed between you. And I swear that you shall never, never accomplish your vile purpose."

Vincent drew back, pale as ashes. But Miles only burst into a contemptuous laugh.

"And so you've been eavesdropping, Honoria?" he said, carelessly. "No matter. I have few secrets from you. But I *would* like to know why you feel called upon to interfere in this little affair of ours?"

"*He* can tell you," pointing her finger straight at Vincent.

The young man shrank further and further away, but did not open his lips.

"Humph!" muttered Miles, grown very curious indeed. "He seems incapable, just at the present moment. You had better make your own revelations."

"And so I will," she cried, wildly and fiercely. "That wretch professed to love me. He promised to give up all thought of Dora if I would help him in his ambitious schemes. But he is a liar and a villain. He meant to play me false; he meant to fly with that girl and leave me to face the consequences. But I will baffle him yet."

She paused to catch her breath. Vincent struggled fiercely within himself, and at last broke the bonds that held him speechless and almost motionless.

"Beware," he hissed sharply. "It is at your peril that you say more of me. Remember that night when I saw you on the verge of the precipice below Lotus Lodge! Remember the secret the river has to tell!"

The words seemed to strike her dumb. She stood and snarled at him, like some wild beast driven into a corner. And while she stood snarling and he stood trembling, the door was suddenly flung open and two men crossed the threshold.

The foremost man was Carl Muller; and Vijal walked just behind him, supporting his feeble steps.

Honoria looked up and her eyes fell full upon Carl Muller. An awful cry gurgled over her white lips. She stood and stared at the unexpected apparition, rooted to the spot and held there in the bonds of fear and horror.

Vincent seemed scarcely less startled. He could neither move nor speak. But Miles had no such cause to dread this apparition. He saw in Carl Muller only a dilatory messenger whose sudden disappearance had perplexed him more than a little.

"It is Muller," he ejaculated. "Wonders will never cease. The knave has turned up at last; and I had almost given him up as dead."

Then he held out his hand to the newcomer.

"You are white as a ghost, man. Do sit down and tell us where you have been keeping yourself all this while?"

Carl Muller advanced a few paces into the room. Honoria saw this movement on his part and crouched lower and lower, and a second shriek of mortal terror broke from her lips.

"Oh, take him away—take him away!" she shrieked.

That awful cry reached other ears than those within the library. Victor had just turned away from the room in which he had left his re-united parents, when it rung through the house. He started forward impulsively; and at the library door he came face to face with Dora Desmond and Tom Marvel.

The two had loitered a little behind Miles, and had but just reached the house.

The meeting was a surprise and a shock to both the young people. It threw them off their guard. When they last saw each other both were in danger; and now, finding each other in a place of safety, they instinctively put out their arms and clung to each other and kissed rapturously.

For a moment every thought was drowned in a feeling of delight and relief.

Then Dora came to her senses, and haughtily released herself; and Victor hung his head.

"I feared you were still at Hook Dock," he murmured. "And I was coming this day to set you free."

She had no time for reply; for, at this juncture, Tom Marvel pushed the library door ajar, and unseen themselves, the young couple were permitted to gaze upon the strange scene that was being enacted in that room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HONORIA'S CONFESSION.

"You wish to know where I have been loitering all this while?" the listeners heard Carl Muller say in a low, deep voice. "You wish to learn where I have kept myself since that day when you sent me on a mission to Roundwood, do you?"

"To be sure," answered Miles.

"What if I should tell you I had been lying in the grave to which that infamous woman consigned me?"

He approached still nearer Honoria as he spoke, and glared down upon her with all the savage vindictiveness of some wild animal.

She moaned feebly, but could do no more than that. Then Miles, looking sorely puzzled, went up to Carl and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I don't understand this at all," he said, sternly. "Will you be good enough to tell me what it means?"

"It means that the woman crouching there tried to kill me," cried Carl, wildly. "I was in her way, and she hated me for that perhaps. At any rate she meant to murder me. She pushed me over the precipice just below Lotus Lodge. In nine cases out of ten such a fall as I got would have been instant death. But I escaped by a miracle—escaped to punish and confound the Messalina who has been my ruin. A fisherman picked me up, and took me to his own home several miles away. And there I have been lying almost at death's door ever since. But God at last gave me strength to come back to Roundwood again. I am sure you can all guess why I am here."

He laughed at the last, a low, horrible laugh, that made the listeners' blood run cold.

Honoria rose up then, and confronted the man whom she had so nearly murdered, and dashed the hair angrily away from her face and glittering eyes.

"It is true," she said. "I have been the guilty wretch Carl would make me out. And that man, Vincent Raynham, has known it all the while, and made use of his knowledge to mould me to his own wicked purposes."

Miles scarcely seemed to notice what she had been saying. He hesitated a minute, and then asked eagerly:

"What is this man, Carl Muller, to you, Honoria, that you should seek his life?"

She wrung her hands and moaned, but would not answer.

"Speak out," screamed Carl, shaking her fiercely. "By the Heaven above us, you shall tell the whole truth now."

"He is my husband," said the miserable woman.

"Your husband!" echoed Miles and Vincent in the same breath.

"Yes." Then she turned to Vincent. "I married Carl years ago, before I ever saw you," she said. "It was a *bona fide* marriage. But we did not agree any too well; I was ambitious; I fled from him and went to Longdown, where I fell in with you.

"I loved you from the first, as well as I was capable of loving anybody. When you wooed me and offered marriage, I was only too willing to consent. I thought I could hide away forever from Carl, and nobody ever be the wiser for that first marriage of mine."

She had proceeded thus far when soft footsteps crossed the floor, and Dora stood before her with her hands clasped over her heart and two wildly-pleading eyes fixed upon her face.

"For God's sake speak to me," cried the agitated girl. "I thought it was Victor you married? What does all this mean?"

A cry ran round the room at Dora's sudden appearance. A fearful curse fell from Miles Rugby's lips. He dashed forward and dropped his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Damnation!" he hissed. "Are *you* here?"

His hand was flung off violently, and a voice that made him quail said at his ear:

"Your prey has escaped you, villain! Dora is no longer in your power. Hands off! I am here to protect her."

It was Victor's voice, and Victor himself stood at his elbow. He turned and looked at him, and his knees knocked together, and he dropped panting into the nearest chair.

"Lost—lost!" he groaned, and seemed to lose all control over himself for some minutes.

Nobody minded him much, for Dora had just repeated the question she had asked of Honoria, and all were awaiting the answer.

"I will confess everything," said Honoria. "And to begin, let me tell you that Vincent Raynham is a villain, and hates his twin brother with a fearful, malignant hatred."

There was a low murmur of astonishment at that. Victor looked at Vincent, and then looked away again. There was something in his brother's face he did not like to see there.

"He has been a black sheep in the fold from first to last," Honoria went on. "But he managed to cover his duplicity from nearly everybody. Now listen, Dora, to what I have to confess. It was Vincent I married at Longdown—not Victor! Vincent's name ought to stand on the certificate you saw, and on the clergyman's record. I thought they did stand there until it was too late to rectify the mistake. I do not know why the villain substituted Victor's name in place of his own, unless he had determined even then to effect his brother's ruin, sooner or later."

A deep silence followed this strange confession. Dora broke it by asking in a very husky voice:

"If this is true, why did you keep away from us so long, saying or doing nothing to set yourself right?"

"I began to understand the man with whom I had to deal. Besides, I did not wish to make much stir about the matter while Carl was living. When I came here to Lotus Lodge, I hoped my husband might be dead; and I meant to have my rights as Vincent's wife. But that cunning devil was too much for me. He saw me push Carl over the precipice. Then I was in his power, and he has used me to gain his own ends. He compelled me to claim Victor for my husband. I dared not disobey. He bribed me, too, by promising to fly to some other land with me by and by, where we could be happy together. And I was idiot enough to believe he meant what he said."

She paused, her beautiful face blushed purple, and she leaned heavily against the wall for support.

Dora knew she had spoken truly. She stood cowering and trembling, though an unspeakable happiness was brightening her eyes and sending the rich blood to her cheeks.

"Oh, my love, my life!" she murmured, putting out both arms to Victor. She could say no more.

There was no need. The next instant he had clasped her close, and was kissing her hand, her lips, her hair.

The sight was too much for Vincent. Uttering a fearful curse, he drew a pistol from some hidden pocket, quick as a flash, levelled it straight at his brother's heart, and pulled the trigger.

There was a deep groan, and a heavy fall.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

It was not Victor who had been struck by the pistol ball.

Good, faithful Vijal had seen the direction in which the weapon pointed in season to strike aside the assassin's hand.

The pistol exploded, and the ball, barely escaping Victor and Dora, buried itself in Miles Rugby's side, inflicting a mortal wound.

The villain rolled upon the floor, moaning and cursing. There was a general rush for him, and he was gently lifted up. But he was past all human help. He seemed to be conscious of nothing save the agony that racked his own frame. After a few minutes of the most exquisite torture, he gave a long, gasping sigh, threw up his arms, and so died.

Alas, his soul had been ushered unprepared into the presence of its Maker! It had gone up to God, scarlet with sin and seared with crime.

The pistol-shot had brought the true Leonard Raynham, and the wife from whom he had been separated so many years by the cruelty of this very man, into the room. They looked down upon the face of the dead, and then at each other, and said with white lips:

"May God forgive him, even as we forgive."

They knew he had suffered as well as sinned, and while they condemned they could also pity him.

After a brief interval, Honoria stepped forward and gently pressed her lips to the dead man's forehead.

"Some of you will wonder what tie bound me to this man," she said, in a clear, distinct voice. "He was my father, though he never acknowledged me as his child. My mother was never his wife, or the wife of any man. She died in giving me birth."

She turned as she spoke, and walked wearily away.

Up to this moment Vincent had not stirred from the spot where he stood when the fatal shot was fired. Even now he made no attempt to escape, but turned and faced them all and said:

"You must acknowledge that I have played a clever game, and a desperate one. But I have lost. No matter—it is too late for regrets. And now I am not going to whine and beg for mercy, as a more cowardly man would do in my place. Instead, I shall just make a clean breast of everything. I shall tell you from beginning to end how desperately I have worked for the prizes at stake, and how terribly I have sinned."

He spoke quietly enough; indeed, there was not the shadow of tremor in his voice; but that strange, awful smile which curled his lip at the outset never once left it.

It was he who had taken the missing five thousand dollars. He had been listening at the library door that day when the money was brought to the house by Mr. Ketchem. In that way he learned where it had been hidden.

He wanted that sum to pay off some gambling debts, which his mother was sure to hear all about, unless they were settled at once. He determined to take it.

This was no easy matter. His mother slept with the keys under her pillow. He found himself compelled to administer an opiate to her that he might abstract them without her knowledge.

When he entered the library soon after midnight and found Dora there, he gave up everything as lost. But she mistook him for his twin-brother, Victor. Taking advantage of this mistake, he had chloroformed the helpless girl—then abstracted the money and left the room, feeling assured, if she should remember in the morning what had occurred, she would think Victor was the thief.

Indeed, he could have wished for nothing better. And everything had come about just as he desired. Victor was suspected, while he went scot free.

Once only had failure stared him in the face afterward. That was on the night when Mr. Ketchem had witnessed that strange scene in the library.

It will be remembered that Victor and Dora were nearly reconciled again at the time. This fact drove Vincent mad, and he attempted a madman's act—that is, he drugged his brother, and treacherously sought to kill him while he was lying on the library sofa in that helpless condition.

The timely appearance of the lawyer prevented him from carrying out his murderous purpose; and he dared not attempt it afterward. While Mr. Ketchem lay senseless from the blow he had given him, Vincent had hastily summoned one of the servants, bribed him to silence, and engaged him to help convey Victor to his own bed-room.

Hence it was that Mr. Ketchem had found the library empty on coming to his senses.

Vincent told all this in the same smooth, unruffled tone. He took no notice of his new-found father—indeed it is doubtful if he fully realized the relationship. He never once looked toward his mother—she remembered it afterward, and wept in thinking of it—he could not meet her eye after his guilt was made known.

Once only he looked at Victor; but only for a moment. Then a slight shudder shook his frame. Evidently he only saw in him the man who had supplanted him in love, and triumphed over him in the race of life.

The secret feud he had cherished so long, he cherished to the very last.

At the close of his confession he turned to Dora, and said:

"Everybody will think hard of me, darling, but I pray you to feel a little pity, sometimes, for the hopeless sinner who pleads to you to-day. Vile as he was, remember that he loved you; and through that love, more than anything else, he stumbled. Remember that; and may God bless you, Dora."

He looked at her a moment, the big drops of agony falling over his pallid face. Then he turned quickly, and went out of the room. This was the only show of deep emotion they saw him make.

A few hours later Victor went softly to his brother's room. The window was open, and Vincent sat by it, with his head dropped on the sill. Something in his attitude frightened the young man. He went quickly forward, and touched his brother's hand.

It was cold. Vincent was dead. And a faint sweet almond-odor in the air of the room betrayed the cause of his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynham grieved deeply over their guilty son and his many crimes. But they had one child left, who was good and true and faithful—all that heart could desire—and they tried to say, "God's will be done!"

Dora married Victor, and they live at Roundwood, happy in each other, respected and honored, leading a life of calm content. Every day of their lives do they thank God that love and constancy triumphed over every difficulty.

Tom Marvel never went back to Hook Dock and his associates there. Mr. Ketchem, at Victor's earnest request, took him into his own office, and he has given up all his wild ways, and promises to make a lawyer of no mean ability.

He soon forgot his infatuation for Dora, and has formed a second attachment from which much good may result.

Mad Miriam was sought out by Leonard Raynham and given a comfortable home, where she was sure to receive faithful care.

Benjamin Sykes fled to parts unknown. There was some talk of levelling Belgrave Hall to the ground when the public came to know what was done there. But the excitement finally blew over, and the asylum was placed in deserving hands.

And what of Honoria and Carl Muller?

There are two accounts of their after course. One says that they purchased a home in France with some money given Honoria by Leonard Raynham, and are living a retired life there, trying to forget and atone for the past as far as possible.

The other story is very different. It says that Carl is dead, and Honoria is one of the most infamous of the frequenters of a Baden-Baden gambling-hell.

We do not know which report is the true one. We can only leave them—and all others who have sinned and suffered—with God, the righteous judge.

THE END.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
Its blank shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting.
—*Moore.*

And where, meantime, was he whose headstrong passions had brought about this catastrophe? Where was Herbert Clinton?

In his far-off English home he had seen the last remains of his only surviving parent laid in the grave, and found himself the sole possessor of an almost princely fortune. And now, in deepest mourning, and with a brow on which rested still the sad shadow of that newly-closed grave, he turned his face once more toward the house of Helena Macdonald.

A complete change—a total revulsion of feeling had taken place within him during the last few days. The awful presence of death had hushed the clamorous voices of passion and ambition, and awoke within him the deepest feelings of remorse for the unmanly part he had acted. All his sophistries and specious reasonings were swept away by that dying bed; and he felt, in its fullest force, how base and unworthy had been his conduct. He felt it was his imperative duty, in spite of love and wounded honor, to renounce Helena Macdonald forever; and let the consequences be what they might, to tell her all. It would be a bitter humiliation to him, it would bring life-long sorrow to her, but there was no alternative. He shrank from the thought of the terrible outburst of passion his confession would be received with; but better this than the shame and disgrace of wedding the husband of another.

Jessie was his wife—his patient, loving little wife—and as such must be acknowledged before the world; and with the resolution of following the promptings of his better nature, despite all obstacles, he reached Craig's End, one lowering autumn day, and weary and travel-stained, entered the Straithmore House.

The first person on whom his eye rested, as he went in, was Captain Malcolm Macdonald, sitting at a table, sipping his coffee, and glancing over the morning paper.

The noise of his entrance made Captain Malcolm look up, and, starting to his feet, he caught his hand, and shook it heartily, while he exclaimed—

"Clinton, my old friend, delighted to have you here with us again. Here, sit down. Have you breakfasted?"

"No; I have only just arrived. How are all my friends—your sister and the M'Calmonts!" said Herbert, taking the proffered seat.

"All well; though Helena has been worrying herself to a skeleton about that sad affair on the island. You have heard of it, I suppose."

"No; what sad affair?" said Herbert, with a start.

"Why, the death of little Jessie, to be sure. It is very singular you have not heard of it. The papers are all full of it. But—good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter? Are you ill?" said Captain Macdonald, rising in alarm.

Reeling, as though he had received a spear thrust through his heart, Herbert Clinton sprang to his feet; and with a face deadly white, grasped his friend by the arm, and said, in a choking voice—

"Dead, did you say? Jessie dead! How? When? Where? Of what did she die?"

"Really, Clinton, this agitation is most unaccountable," said Captain Macdonald, slowly, and in extreme surprise.

"Dead! dead!" said Clinton, unheeding his words. "Great heaven! speak and tell me—how was it? When was it? Where did she die?"

"On the island. This is most extraordinary, replied Captain Macdonald, looking at the pale, agitated face before him, in still increasing surprise.

"Oh, Captain Macdonald!" exclaimed Herbert, in bitter sorrow, "if you call yourself my friend, do not keep me in suspense now—tell me all—how did she die?"

"It is very extraordinary all this!" said the astonished young captain, who was quite unprepared for such an outburst of feeling from the usually gay, nonchalant Herbert Clinton. "Then you have not heard she was—"

"What?"

"Murdered!" said Captain Macdonald.

"Murdered! Oh, Heavens!"

And with a deep groan, that seemed tearing its way up through his anguished heart, Herbert sank into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Captain Macdonald looked at him with the most unbounded amazement.

"Well, upon my soul!" he broke out at length, "if this doesn't surpass anything ever I dreamed of! I can understand feeling sorry and horrified at so atrocious a deed—I felt all that myself; but to take on in this way is something beyond me, I must confess. Waiter, more coffee."

"Macdonald, tell me all," said Herbert, springing up, and fiercely dashing back his long black hair. "Who could have committed so base, so atrocious a deed? Oh, can there exist a being on earth capable of committing so infernal a crime? Who is it? Speak, and tell me; and may Heaven's heaviest curses rest upon him now and for all eternity! Who had the heart to hurt one hair of her gentle head?"

"Clinton, my dear fellow, what means all this violent agitation? What was little Jessie to *you?*"

The keen, searching look, the meaning tone, and probing question, brought him from his fierce outburst of remorse and anguish to a sense of the presence in which he stood. This was not the time nor place for the revelation, nor was it to Captain Malcolm Macdonald that revelation was destined to be made. Controlling his agony of bitter sorrow, and still more bitter remorse, and feeling the necessity of calmly hearing all, by a tremendous effort he subdued his fiercely-excited feelings, and dropped in his seat, and said, while he shaded his face with his hands—

"To me, to me?—nothing! Yet I felt toward her almost as if she were my sister. When last I left her she was full of life, and youth, and vigor; and now, now to hear so suddenly that she is dead, and murdered. She, sweet, fair, and gentle as an angel, to meet such a fate! Oh, Macdonald, is it not enough to drive one mad to think of it?"

"It is a sad thing, I must confess," said Captain Macdonald, who being the most unsuspicious of human beings, received this explanation as perfectly satisfactory; "and no one but a demon in human form could have perpetrated the deed."

"Who is the murderer?" said Clinton, in a deep, hollow voice.

"That cannot be discovered. The island, and every place else, I believe, has been searched, but no clue to his apprehension can be found. Rewards were offered, the police put on the track, but all in vain."

"When was the diabolical crime committed?"

"The very night you left Glenleith. You remember the terrific storm of that night! Somewhere about midnight, it is supposed, poor Jessie was assassinated. The deed was committed somewhere near the shore, and as the tide was very high the body, if left on the rocks, must have been swept away. What could have brought Jessie from the house at such an hour, and in such a storm, unless she had been forcibly carried out, is a mystery still unsolved."

In spite of all his efforts, another anguished groan burst from the tortured heart of Clinton. He thought of his note, appointing that fatal meeting! Oh, too well he knew what had brought her there; and a pang, keener than death, pierced his soul as he thought of that slight, delicate girl plunging through all that howling tempest to meet him."

"Who was on the island at the time?" he asked, after a pause.

"No one but Mrs. Ben and Fritz, and one or two servants; and—yes—now I think of it, Helena was there, too."

"Helena?" said Herbert, with a start.

"Yes; she went over shortly after you went away. Poor Jessie, it seems, wanted her for something, and sent her a note. What it contained I cannot say; but it seemed to agitate Helena as I have seldom seen her agitated before, and the result of it was that she insisted, despite the gathering storm, on going to the island that night."

What was the thought that made Herbert Clinton turn so ghastly pale at that moment? Had Jessie, in that note, revealed their marriage? and had Helena, in a fit of passion——? He shrank in horror, in loathing of himself, at the terrible thought that the arch-fiend suggested at that moment. Wild, vindictive, passionate, frenzied in her rage, he knew her to be; but, oh! never could even her terrific passion carry her so far away as to raise her hand against that gentle child's life. But who could have done it? Jessie, the unknown island-girl, had not an enemy in the world except Helena; and she, in violent agitation, had braved storm, and danger, and death to reach the island that night. Oh, horrible thought! With his brain reeling with conflicting emotions, he felt for the moment as if his very reason was leaving him.

Captain Macdonald, sitting placidly before him, sipping his coffee, saw nothing of what was passing in his breast; and setting his unexpected emotion down partially to the morbid state of his mind since his father's death and the want of rest, arose, and said—

"My dear Clinton, you must be tired and worn out with your journey. You had better retire at once. I will call here this afternoon again. When do you intend visiting Glenleith?"

"Any time—to-day—to-morrow—immediately," answered Clinton, incoherently, scarcely conscious of what he said.

"I am going there to-morrow. What say you to going then?" said his companion, with a stare of surprise.

"I shall be at your service," said Clinton, striving to rally himself. "What with fatigue and all, I am rather bewildered as yet; but I trust by that time to be far enough recruited to pay my *devoirs* to the ladies at the parsonage."

"Very strange, I must say," mused Captain Macdonald, as he ran down the steps, and entered the crowded street. "Very strange, indeed, that the news of little Jessie's death should so affect him. I had some notion once that Helena was a little jealous of Jessie; and, faith, I begin to think she may have had some cause for it. But perhaps, I wrong Clinton after all. He is not very ex-

citable usually, I know; but, his mind being unusually troubled, Jessie's dreadful death may have given him a shock. He dare not trifle with Helena—if he does, he will feel the weight of a Macdonald's vengeance!"

Herbert, meantime, had secured a private room; and was pacing up and down, and striving to collect his thoughts. The first shock was over, the first thrill of horror at the news was past; and, though sorrow for her fate, and bitter remorse for what he himself had done still remained, he could not suppress something very like a feeling of relief.

Alas for all his good resolutions! Gone were they now, as the fading sunlight flies before the approach of night; and his love, his hopes, his desires are in the ascendant again. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame for the fickleness of his nature; perhaps most of it might be owing to his education, to those with whom he had mingled, and the world for which alone he had ever lived.

He thought of Helena. That momentary suspicion was quiet, and he hated himself for ever having indulged it an instant. No; terrible as he knew her to be, when her lion passion was roused, he felt that not on Jessie—guileless, inoffensive Jessie—would fall her vengeance, but on him who rightly deserved it. His glorious, high-spirited Helena, the descendant of a daring, chivalrous race, would not stoop to slay a weak, unprotected girl like this.

There was no obstacle now to prevent his marriage; she might lawfully become his wife when his period of mourning was past. There was a thrill of private joy in his heart at the thought; but the sad reproachful face of Jessie rose like a vision before him, and with a shudder he sat down, while remorse again tugged at his heart-strings.

So passed the morning; and when Captain Macdonald entered his room again, he found him—though outwardly calm and composed—pale with many conflicting emotions.

Before he left, it was arranged that they should set out together the following day for Glenleith; and early next morning, the two young men started for the residence of the M'Calmont's.

They reached it late the same afternoon, and were warmly welcomed by good Mrs. M'Calmont. Helena, thinner, and paler than Herbert had ever beheld her, flushed with pleasure as he embraced her, and took a seat by her side.

He looked earnestly in her face; but he read nothing there save deep, subdued sadness; no guilt lingered on that broad, queenly brow, or in those clear, bright eyes.

As a matter of course, the conversation first turned on Jessie, and her melancholy fate.

"You have heard it, no doubt, Mr. Clinton," said Mrs. M'Calmont.

"From my friend, Captain Macdonald—yes, madam," he answered, gravely but calmly.

Helena's keen eyes were bent with ill-concealed anxiety upon him, and she drew a deep breath of relief as she noted his quiet gravity, as if a heavy load had been lifted off her breast.

"Poor Mrs. Ben!" sighed the minister's wife, "she is indeed to be pitied. I urged her to quit that lonesome island, and we would provide for her somewhere here, but she refused; and says that the only comfort she has now is, in watching the waves under which her darling Jessie is buried."

A faint shudder passed over Clinton's frame, in spite of himself, at her words.

"By the way, Mrs. M'Calmont," said Captain Macdonald, "where are the Vaughan's? They were speaking of going away somewhere when last I was here."

"Yes, they have gone home. Mr. Vaughan was in very poor health; and even Mrs. Vaughan, poor thing! seemed to have lost most of her high spirits, and was glad to be on the wing again," replied Mrs. M'Calmont.

During this short dialogue, Helena and Herbert were conversing together in low tones.

"And so your resolution is really to go abroad?" said Helena, lifting her dark eyes anxiously to his face.

"Yes—but for some months only; and the project gives me pleasure in the thought alone that, in so doing, I shall not be separated from you."

"No! and how?" she said, in surprise.

"Then you are not aware that your brother, having completed all his business, and refitted his vessel, is about to take you with him again to Italy?"

"I was really quite ignorant of that fact."

"Well, so it is. We all start together in three weeks' time, I believe."

A flush of pleased surprise passed over Helena's pale face.

"Then, in that case, I shall have an opportunity of accomplishing my long-cherished wish of visiting Venice. I have long and ardently desired to see that beautiful city."

"And after that, fairest Helena?"

"I shall return home."

"And what then, beautiful one?"

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" quoted Helena, with a smile. "Who knows what the future may bring forth?"

"Let me tell you, beautiful Helena," said Clinton, in the low, musical tones that had so often thrilled to her inmost heart. "After that, may I claim this little hand as mine? Say, fairest Helena, may I look forward to our return to claim my bride?"

She lifted her eyes to the handsome face bending over her, so full of perfect love and devotion now; and, like the frank, glorious creature she was, she laid her hand in his, and said—

"Yes."

"Why, Helena, my dear," broke in the voice of Mrs. M'Calmont, at this interesting juncture, in tones of deepest dismay, "do you know what Malcolm says? All three of you are to start off on a wild goose chase to the Continent, instead of settling down and behaving yourselves, as sensible Christians should. It's really quite abominable, and I, for one, have set my face against it; and I'm sure, Helena, you'll agree with me."

"Really, my dear Mrs. M'Calmont," said Helena, smiling, "I am afraid I cannot. I wish to go quite as much as Malcolm."

"You do?" exclaimed the minister's wife. "Well, upon my word, if this is not too provoking! It all comes of having a taste for rambling, and being male and female sailors, the whole of you! I always thought sailors were vagabonds on the face of the earth, without any settled place of abode, and I'm sure of it now. You don't expect to be able to go in three weeks, I should hope?"

"Yes, of course I do. What's to hinder?" said Helena. "I am not a fine lady, you know, and don't require two or three dozen trunks packed before I start. So, Captain Macdonald, though you did not do me the honor of consulting me before all your arrangements were made, I shall reserve my wounded pride and indignation to another season, and be ready to go with you at a moment's warning."

Mrs. M'Calmont expostulated in vain. Helena would go, but promised faithfully to return within nine months at farthest.

And so, three weeks later, our trio stood on the deck of the Summer Breeze, "outward bound."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

They spake not a word:
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared at each other, and looked deadly pale.
—*Shakespeare.*

It is not my intention to chronicle the events of that foreign tour. Suffice it to say it came to an end at last, and Captain Malcolm Macdonald, Herbert Clinton, and his betrothed stood once more upon the shore of their native land.

There was a joyful meeting that day in the parsonage. Good Mrs. M'Calmont, as she again clasped her favorite, Helena, in in her arms, shed tears of joy.

Those twelve months of absence had greatly improved Helena. The rich bloom of perfect health again mantled her cheeks; her magnificent eyes, brilliant with hope and happiness, once more outshone her diamonds. Through all the foreign cities through which she travelled, her dazzling beauty had created the deepest sensation. Known to be an heiress, beauty and belle, countless hearts had been laid at her feet; but Helena, never for an instant, in thought or act, was unfaithful to that first, strong, undying love that was part of her very nature.

And now the period of Herbert Clinton's mourning was passed, and they had returned home, to be united at last.

How ardently and truly he loved Helena now—far better than he had ever done before. How proudly he had exulted in the knowledge that this peerless, queenly girl, at whose feet coronets had been laid, and rejected, was his—his alone—would soon be his bride, his wife! How his heart had swelled with triumph when he beheld the envious looks and jealous glances bestowed upon him by more than one titled nobleman of other lands! He longed, as the blind long for sight, for the time when his glorious, radiant Helena should be his own undisputed wife, beyond earthly power to separate them. Until that time came he must live in uncertainty, not knowing whether this prize might not yet slip through his fingers.

That time, so ardently looked forward to was at hand now. Preparations for the wedding were already commenced, on a scale of magnificence that was destined to electrify the community far and near, and which the princely fortunes of the bride and bridegroom could alone justify.

The day was appointed, and invitations were sent out to all the *élite* within fifty miles to attend the ball with which it was then customary to conclude a wedding.

Helena, with her usual wilfulness, would not be married by special license in the house in the evening; it did not seem right, she said. She would be married in the church, in the morning; and as this was of little consequence to the rest, her wish was acceded to.

On rosy wings sped on the time, until the auspicious morning dawned. Brightly and cloudlessly arose the sun, ushering in a day as glorious as ever came out of the heavens.

How little did any one dream how darkly and fatally that day was destined to end!

It was arranged that the day following the ceremony the bridal pair should again take their departure for a wedding tour, and everything was prepared accordingly.

Good Mrs. McCalmont, as mistress of the ceremonies, had a terribly busy time of it for the foregoing two weeks. Milliners and dressmakers from the city filled the upper rooms, and cooks and confectioners the lower regions. To her lot it fell to purchase dresses, laces, jewels, etc., for the use of the bride; who, with her characteristic indifference to all such things, would, if left to herself, have committed the unpardonable sin of being married in her simple white robes of India muslin, instead of her splendid silver brocade, frosted with seed-pearls, which the sumptuous taste of that worthy lady selected.

Among the many guests invited to the "wedding-feast" we may mention our old friend Mrs. Ben. Poor Mrs. Ben! Since the loss of Jessie she had never been the same bright, brisk, breezy, chirruping body she had been before; and though still active and bustling as ever, her cheery laugh was far less seldom heard.

Mr. Fritz Freibourg, too, was to be present, and made his appearance on the eventful morning in a long blue "swallow-tail," brilliant with brass buttons, his boots and hair shining with lard, and his round, full-moon face wearing a look of sublime beatification, serene in the blissful consciousness of a new suit of clothes and pair of white gloves, every greasy hair in his head breathing of "peace on earth, and good-will to men."

Two young girls from Craig's End were to be bridesmaids, and a young Englishman, whom they had met abroad, together with a cousin of Mr. Clinton's, were to be groomsmen. Captain Macdonald, as her nearest relative, was to give the bride away.

Early in the morning, the first carriages began to arrive, and soon the lower hall and drawing-room were crowded with guests, waiting to accompany the bridal party to church.

In her room, before a full-length mirror, Helena Macdonald, so soon to be Helena Clinton, stood, while half a dozen girls, headed by Mrs. M'Calmont, arrayed her for the bridal. Magnificently beautiful she looked as she stood there, her rich robe of sheeny silk floating; and her regal form, her queenly brow clasped by a tiara of finest diamonds, her gauzy veil of costliest lace enveloping her like a cloud of mist, her dark cheeks flushed with excitement, her magnificent eyes out-flashing the jewels she wore.

"Beautiful! glorious! radiant!" broke from the lips of her attendants, as they stepped back to survey the effect.

"Yes, beautiful indeed!" mentally exclaimed Mrs. M'Calmont, "beautiful beyond compare looks my peerless Helena in her bridal robes."

And just then the door was thrown impetuously open, and one of the bridesmaids, a vivacious little lady, with twinkling brown eyes, burst in, exclaiming—

"Girls! girls! aren't you ready yet? Oh, my goodness, Helena, how splendid you look. But be quick; that happiest of mortal men, Mr. Herbert Clinton, is waiting, with all the rest of the folks—a hundred and fifty if there's one—down stairs. Come!"

Thus adjured, like a flock of startled birds the bower maidens fled to arrange their own toilet, and Helena was alone with Mrs. M'Calmont.

"My own precious Helena! and am I to lose you at last?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, clasping her in her arms, and gazing upon her sparkling face with eyes of yearning fondness.

"Dear Mrs. M'Calmont, my second mother, come what may, let the future bring what it will, you will ever hold the second place in my heart," said Helena, dropping her head on the shoulder of her friend.

"And you are happy, perfectly happy, my own darling?"

"Oh, yes; perfectly happy, too happy for words to say. Oh, Mrs. M'Calmont, my only fear is that such intense joy is too blissful to last."

"And you have perfect trust, perfect faith in him who is soon to be your husband? Does no doubt still linger amid all this love."

"None! none! not the slightest, not the faintest. Oh, I wronged him by ever doubting his truth. I could stake my hopes of Heaven on his fidelity now," exclaimed Helena, with some of her old, fierce impetuosity.

"Thank Heaven for that," said Mrs. M'Calmont, with a sigh of relief. "Oh, Helena, dearest, eradicate forever from your heart this fatal dream of jealousy; to doubt one we love is deepest misery."

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" said Helena, with a shudder, as she recalled the stormy past.

And just then the tripping of light feet approaching the door was heard.

"It is the girls coming back to take you down-stairs," said Mrs. M'Calmont. "And now, my own, my dearest girl, may Heaven bless you and grant you all happiness."

"Amen!" solemnly, almost sadly, said Helena, as she returned her embrace, and stood waiting for the entrance of her bridesmaids.

They burst in in a bevy, fluttering round the bride like bright-winged birds, as they shook out their glittering plumage with little white, jewelled hands, and announced that the bridegroom and his friends were waiting for them in the hall below.

And together the bride and her friends descended the stairs, followed by Mrs. M'Calmont, and entered the hall crowded with guests.

A low murmur of admiration passed through the throng at sight of the radiant bride. And Captain Macdonald, handsome, suave and stately, stepped forward and drew her hand within his arm, and led her to the carriage that was to convey them to the church, where Herbert Clinton, with his friends were awaiting them.

The church, too, was crowded, mostly by strangers, some from places far distant, drawn together by the rumors of the bride's wondrous beauty. So crowded was it, that half the bridal party could not find seats, but were obliged to stand.

Mr. M'Calmont, in full canonicals, stood, book in hand, awaiting their approach.

They advanced, under the admiring eyes of the crowd, and stood before him.

And at that very instant, like an inspiration, flashed across the mind of Herbert Clinton, the remembrance of the strange vision he had seen years before. Here it was, all there before him. The crowded church, the bridal party, the clergyman and bride wearing exactly the faces of those he had beheld then. A thrill of vague terror, he knew not why, shot through his heart. He thought of Jessie—lost, murdered Jessie—and of that other bridal in night, and dark, and secrecy. But then, lifting his eyes, they fell on the gloriously beautiful face of her who stood beside him, and all was forgotten once more but his bride.

The ceremony began, amid a breathless silence, as the vast concourse listened, with the eagerness they always do on such occasions. The questions were put and answered in the usual manner, when a slight bustle at the door broke for the first time the impressive silence.

The clergyman had almost concluded the ceremony, and the bridegroom was just putting the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride, with the words, "With this ring I do thee wed: with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of—"

"Hold! I forbid the marriage!" cried a deep, stern voice, that rang through the church.

Every head was turned, every eye was rivated on the speaker, a tall, determined-looking man.

White with vague apprehensions, the bride and bridegroom turned round, while the bridesmaids shrieked outright at the interruption. Mr. M'Calmont stood, like one thunderstruck, book in hand. And the stranger, the cause of all this commotion, walked steadily up the aisle, and stood before them.

"Who are you, sir?" was the amazed and angry question from the lips of Captain Macdonald, who was the first to recover from his shock of astonishment at this astounding interruption.

"Sheriff M'Farlane, sir; and it is my painful duty to prevent this marriage."

"By what right?" fiercely demanded the young man, with kindling eyes.

"By a right all-sufficient for the purpose, young man," calmly answered the sheriff. "I have a warrant here for the arrest of—"

"*Whom?*"

"Miss Helena Macdonald, the bride!"

"Good Heavens! on what charge? You are mad, man!"

"On the charge of having, fifteen months ago, assassinated Jessica Benington on Macdonald's Isle."

A wild, terrific shriek, so full of passionate grief that it thrilled through every heart, rang through the house. It was the voice of Mrs. Ben!

CHAPTER XXIX.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Moore.

It would be impossible to depict or describe the consternation that reigned now within the church. Mrs. Ben, in a deadly swoon, was borne from the sacred edifice. The book had dropped from the hand of the clergyman, and, dumb with amazement and incredulity, he stood staring at the official. Mrs. M'Calmont, pale, and almost fainting at so monstrous a charge, made at such a time and in such a place, hid her shuddering face in her trembling hands. The bridesmaids, like a flock of frightened birds, had clustered together, gazing around with vague, terror-stricken eyes. And the people, after the first shock of horror and amazement, became mute as the grave—listening, with breathless interest, for the *dénouement* of this astounding interruption, with that eager, morbid curiosity with which a crowd will always listen to anything of the sort.

But the group around the altar—*they* were the focus of all eyes. Captain Malcolm Macdonald, his dark eyes blazing, his brow corrugated, his lips white with passion, stood gazing on the sheriff as if he would spring upon him and rend him limb from limb on the spot for making so terrible a charge against a sister of his.

That gentleman stood calm, stern and unmoved, upheld by the consciousness that he was doing his duty, however painful; and keeping his eyes fixed with something like pity on the face of the bride.

Herbert Clinton, fearing she might faint or fall, had encircled her waist with his arm; and, though his own face was perfectly colorless with horror and indignation, stooped down and whispered—

"My bride—my wife—my dearest one—be calm. This monstrous accusation will be explained."

Be calm! There was little need to tell her to be calm. After the first involuntary shock, she stood like an outraged empress before them, her regal form drawn up to its full height, her noble brow expanded, her dark, magnificent eyes blazing with insulted pride and unutterable scorn, her full lips curled with a contempt too profound for words, her whole face and form irradiated with the light of insulted majesty.

There was one instant's death-like pause, broken at last by the voice of Mr. M'Farlane, saying, politely—

"I am very sorry that painful necessity compels me to thus break up the festivities of this day. This charge against the lady may be groundless. I hope it is. But I have a duty to perform, however unpleasant it may be to me and all of you."

"On whose charge is my sister arrested for this deed?" said Captain Macdonald, in a deep, stern voice.

"On that of Mr. Charles Vaughan, I believe," answered the sheriff.

"Charles Vaughan!" rang from every lip, in tones in which amazement had completely mastered every other feeling. Even Helena looked bewildered.

"Yes; and in support of his deposition he has brought to bear such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, that even in the face of the proof being brought against a young lady so wealthy, high-born, and distinguished as Miss Macdonald, it was found necessary to issue a warant for her apprehension."

"Heaven of Heavens! this is maddening! Oh! for the thunderbolt of Heaven to blast that double-dyed purgerer where he stands!" exclaimed Captain Macdonald, passionately.

Without heeding this indignant outburst, the sheriff turned to Helena, and said, courteously,

"Miss Macdonald, this duty is exceedingly unpleasant to me; but I regret to say you must go with me now!"

"Where?" said Helena, in a tone of such supernatural calmness, that every one was startled.

"Miss Macdonald, I am very sorry; but it is my duty to convey you to the county gaol, to await the examination previous to your trial."

"The county gaol!" exclaimed Helena, losing her powerful self-control for the first time during this trying scene; and, with a convulsive shudder, hiding her face on Herbert's shoulder.

He clasped her closer to his side, as if he defied earth and Heaven to tear her from him: but still he spoke not a word. Was it the impossibility of the charge? Was it his indignation and horror? or was it this awful confirmation of his doubts, and the vivid recollection of the scene at the astrologer's, that held him dumb?

But Captain Macdonald, losing all self-control, all remembrance of where he stood, once more passionately, and impetuously broke forth,

"To the county gaol! So help me Heaven! never! Never shall Helena Macdonald submit to such a degradation! Sooner will I shoot her dead with my own hand where she stands! Oh, 'tis monstrous! outrageous! that any one should dare to accuse a Macdonald of such an infernal deed, and live!" he exclaimed, clenching his hands and teeth in his impotent wrath.

"My dear Malcolm, be calm; remember where you are," interposed Mr. M'Calmont, soothingly. "If Mr. M'Farlane wants bail to any amount, whatever you may name—"

"Mr. M'Calmont, I should like to oblige you, but you must be aware that I cannot listen to you; unfortunately the charge is not a bailable one. And I trust," added the sheriff, glancing half-threateningly, half-pityingly at Captain Macdonald, "no resistance will be offered me in the discharge of my solemn duty; for painful as the announcement is, there is no help for it. The young lady must come with me!"

"A bride to spend her wedding-day in a prison cell. Oh, saints in Heaven!" shuddderingly exclaimed Mrs. M'Calmont.

"I am ready," said Helena, lifting her pale, beautiful face, and speaking in tones of supernatural calmness, "I will go with you, sir—and there will be no resistance offered. Malcolm, dearest brother, be calm; this violence will not aid me, and will lower yourself. Mrs. M'Calmont, may I trouble you to bring me my mantle from the carriage."

"Oh! must you go?" exclaimed Mrs. M'Calmont, wringing her hands.

"Unfortunately, dear madam, there seems to be no alternative."

"But not in that dress? not in that dress! Sir, may she not return to the parsonage and change her dress?"

"Madame, I am very sorry; but I cannot lose sight of my prisoner."

A circle of white flamed round the eyes of Captain Macdonald, and he clenched his hands, and groaned in his bitter degradation.

"Then I am quite ready to go. Mrs. M'Calmont, dearest friend, farewell for a short time only, I trust. Malcolm, brother, do not feel this so deeply; in a few days I trust to return to you all again. Herbert!" her clear, full voice choked for the first time, as she turned to him; "dearest Herbert, I must bid you good-bye."

"Oh, Helena! Helena! Oh, my wife! do you think I will leave you thus?" he cried, passionately, as, unheeding the many eyes upon him, he strained her to his bosom as if he would have drawn her into his very heart beyond their reach. "Oh, my bride! my beautiful one! never will I leave you—never!"

A radiant glance, a look, a smile, rewarded him, while every heart thrilled at his anguished tones.

"Your own—in life or death—in shame, disgrace, and misery—ever your own!" she said, looking up in his face with deep, earnest, undying love.

There was not a dry eye in the church—every one was sobbing. Mrs. M'Calmont so convulsively, that the sheriff, who was really a kind-hearted man, was deeply distressed.

"Miss Macdonald, will you accept my arm?" he said, feeling the necessity of bringing this scene at once to an end—"my carriage is at the door to convey you to—"

"The county gaol! Oh, Helena! oh, my sister! Would to Heaven you had died before you had seen this day."

"Brother, brother, be calm! Mr. M'Farlane, I attend you," said Helena, advancing a step, as if to take the arm he offered.

But Herbert Clinton intercepted the movement, and drew her arm within his own, saying, with a fierce, threatening glance toward the sheriff,

"I will attend you, Helena; I alone have the right. Lead on, sir," to the sheriff. "We attend your pleasure. No one on earth shall separate me from my bride!"

"Mr. Clinton, the—the—ceremony was not finished when the interruption occurred," stammered the minister, looking deeply distressed.

But a scornful smile was Herbert Clinton's sole reply, as he clasped the arm he held closer within his own.

"I, too, will go," cried Captain Macdonald. "Sheriff M'Farlane, your strict sense of duty will not, I trust, prevent your allowing me to accompany my sister to the county gaol?"

"Captain Macdonald is quite welcome to a seat in my carriage," said the officer of the law, with a grave bow, and without heeding his bitter sneer.

"Farewell, Mrs. M'Calmont—my more than mother, farewell," said Helena, as the whole party, preceded by the sheriff, advanced down the aisle.

Mrs. M'Calmont strove to reply, but her voice was choked. Taking her husband's arm, she followed them out.

The whole assembly arose *en masse*, and started for the door, casting threatening looks toward the sheriff, as though half-meditating a rescue on the spot.

A plain, dark-looking coach, with a mounted policeman on either side, stood near the gate.

The sheriff paused when he reached it, and signified that they were to enter. Mr. Clinton handed Helena in, and took his seat beside her; Captain Macdonald, with a stern, gloomy look, followed, and then the sheriff sprang in, closed the door, and gave the order to drive on.

Helena bent from the carriage-window to wave a last adieu to Mrs. M'Calmont, and the crowd, standing on the church-steps and in the courtyard, caught a momentary glimpse of her pale, beautiful face, with its sad, twilight smile—her dark, proud eyes more scornful than ever in their humiliation. That haunting face, so perfectly colorless, with its bright, jetty ringlets, its floating, mist-like veil, its orange-blossoms—could it be the face of a murderess?

The next moment she fell back, the blinds were closed, the driver cracked his whip, the policemen put spurs to their horses, and the sad cavalcade moved rapidly away.

Hushed into the silence of death, the crowd stood breathlessly gazing after it until the last sound of the carriage-wheels had died away—the last cloud of dust raised by the horses' feet vanished. Then, pale and awe-struck, they drew a deep breath, and looked with tearful eyes into each other's pale faces, wondering if it were not all a dream.

Whispering in low, hushed tones beneath their breath, they broke up, and wended their way to their respective homes; and in half-an hour the church was as still, silent, and deserted as the tomb.

In the parsonage, meantime, a cloud of the deepest gloom had settled over its lately joyous inmates.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Calmont, with the three bridesmaids, and Aleck Murray, had immediately, upon the departure of Helena, entered their carriage, and driven to the minister's house.

And the bridesmaids, in great agitation, not to say deep disappointment at losing the ball in the evening, had dressed themselves, and went immediately home.

Mrs. M'Calmont sat weeping in a perfect abandon of grief in the parlor below, and would not be comforted. Mr. M'Calmont and Mr. Murray, themselves in deepest distress, strove to console her in vain.

Poor Aleck Murray! It was not without a struggle he had seen Helena given up to another; but hiding the sharp, dreary pain at his heart under a gay exterior, he had resolutely determined to be gay, and conquer his ill-starred passion. From the first moment he had seen Herbert Clinton, an uneasy consciousness that he had beheld him somewhere before was ever upon him. He thought of the secret marriage he had long ago beheld, and he thought Mr. Clinton looked suspiciously like the bridegroom on that occasion; but he "pooh-poohed" the notion as preposterous, and strove to forget it. It was nearly dark when he had beheld that "runaway pair," as he called them, and he could not distinctly see the face of the man. Their general appearance was alike, but not sufficiently so to warrant his speaking on the subject; and, of course, it could not have been Mr. Clinton, the betrothed of Helena Macdonald. So he had hitherto scouted the idea until he had nearly forgotten it; but now, strange to say, it came back to him more vividly than ever.

While many suspicious thoughts of Herbert Clinton, but not one of Helena, were passing through his mind, Mrs. M'Calmont was still sobbing on the sofa, in passionate grief.

"Now, really, Maggie, this is wrong, this is sinful. You know," said Mr. M'Calmont, fidgeting uneasily, "such violent grief is forbidden. We should be resigned to the dispensations of Providence, no matter in what shape they come."

"Oh, Mr. M'Calmont, go away! I don't believe this is a dispensation of Providence: it's all the villainy of that miserable wretch, Vaughan. And to think we should have kept him here, too. Oh, Helena! Helena!" concluded Mrs. M'Calmont, with a fresh burst of grief.

"My dear madam, let us hope for the best. This absurd, this monstrous, this horrible charge will soon be explained, and Helena set at liberty," said Murray, soothingly.

"Oh, I know all that—I have not the slightest doubt but she will be discharged, soon—Heaven forbid. But think of the horrible injustice of the deed! that she, my beautiful, high-minded, proud-spirited Helena, should ever set foot within a prison cell, much less be brought there as a prisoner; and on her wedding-day, too. Oh, it is cruel—it is most unjust. I have no words to express the unspeakable wrong it inflicts upon her. That her name should be bandied on every tongue—should be proclaimed as a felon's in all the papers—should be the topic of every tavern far and near. Oh, Heaven, why is this monstrous injustice permitted?" cried Mrs. M'Calmont, in still-increasing sorrow and indignation.

"Now, really, Mrs. M'Calmont," began the more moderate spouse.

"Mr. M'Calmont," sobbed his wife, looking indignantly at him through her tears, "if you can stand there looking so cool and unmoved, it's no reason why others should be equally heartless. Oh, Mr. Murray, won't you ride to Craig's End, and learn the issue of this arrest, or I shall die of suspense?"

"Most certainly, madam. I will go immediately," said Murray, standing up. "I was about to propose it myself when you spoke."

"You will return as soon as possible?" called Mrs. M'Calmont, after him, as he left the room.

"I shall not lose a moment," said the young man, as he ran down-stairs, sprang on his horse, and dashed furiously toward the town.

As it was impossible for him to return before the next day, Mrs. M'Calmont passed a night of torture; and she hailed the sunlight of the next morning with joy, and looked every other moment down the road, till Murray—his horse reeking with foam, his clothes dishevelled and travel-stained, his face pale and haggard—made his welcome appearance.

"Oh! Mr. Murray, what news of Helena?" gasped Mrs. M'Calmont, faintly.

"It is just as I feared it would be. Helena is committed for trial, which will take place next week. Mr. P——, the best lawyer in the country, will defend her," replied Murray, dismounting, and entering the parlor.

"Have you seen our dear Helena?" inquired Mr. M'Calmont.

"Oh, yes! I saw her in her prison cell; and as she lifted her head when I first went in, there was such anguish and despair in her eyes that I hope I may never see there again. But when one is talking to her, she is calm, and proud, and scornful enough. Oh, there cannot exist a human being on the face of the earth so lost to reason as to believe she could be guilty of such a crime! It is impossible, utterly impossible; there cannot be an instant's doubt about her acquittal!" exclaimed Murray, passionately.

"And her brother and Clinton, how do they bear this?"

"Oh! Captain Macdonald swears, and threatens, and looks about as much like a maniac as any one I ever saw. Mr. Clinton is calm; but there is something in his very calmness more indicative of grief than all Malcolm's more violent sorrow. They will remain at Craig's End until after the trial; and, Mrs. M'Calmont, you are to be subpœnaed as a witness."

"Oh! I should have gone in any case," said Mrs. M'Calmont, faintly. "My poor Helena! I feel, I know she will never recover from it!" and bursting into tears she lay her head on the table.

There was an embarrassed pause, and then Mr. M'Calmont said—

"I will go to Craig's End the day before the trial comes on, and stay there until Helena is discharged, poor girl! I suppose she and Mr. Clinton will immediately sail for the Continent until this unhappy affair is forgotten."

"Most likely. And now I must return to Craig's End, not to leave it again until this miserable trial is over. Good-bye."

And Murray hurried from the house, and mounting his still reeking horse, rode rapidly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Going down the Mount Washington railroad on a board is rather a perilous sliding down hill. A Frenchman indulging in the sport on a foggy morning lately met the engine coming up, and was so completely "telescoped," that it was difficult to find anything to bury.

☞ The soldiers who visited Newburyport the other day have lost all their appetite for salt mackerel. When the fishermen are seen to scoop up the fish—dirt, oil and all, which is then packed by men with rubber-boots on, who stand in the barrel and dance a lively jig to make the packing a success, they desire to "pass" on mackerel hereafter.

☞ William, who is an under-sized clerk in a dry-goods store, objects to being referred to as "that little dry-goods bill."

"JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BERTHA.

"Jerusalem, the Golden!"
My heart is fixed on thee;
I know that thou art standing
Beyond Death's narrow sea.
E'en now I see thy glory,
Thy bright, celestial dome;
The fleshly veil but cometh
Atween us, Heavenly home!

No sun nor moon is needed,
For Jesus is thy light;
Thy temple's roofed with jasper,
Thy gates are pearly white,
Thy towers are of crystal,
Thy streets are shining gold;
Corruption never enters,
Nor moth, rust, thieves, nor mould.

"Oh, royal land of flowers!"
Where is thy bloom surpassed?
The fairest of earth's blossoms
Are fading in contrast.
The splendor of thy lilies
We never can comprehend,
Until we scent their fragrance,
Where Summer has no end.

"They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,"
Sung in the praise of Jesus,
By all the blood-washed throng.
And all the bright-winged angels,
In rapturous awe attend:
They cannot join this concert,
Where saints their voices blend.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets,
Are joining in that strain;
This is the land where sorrow
Ne'er enters, neither pain.
When shall I see thy radiance,
In thee find lasting rest?
I'm longing to behold thee,
Fair country of the blest!

When flesh grows sore and weary,
When heart seems like to break,
When labor seems unending,
And brain and body ache,
I look and see thy glory,
And of thy joys partake:
I'll bear this, blessed country,
And much more for thy sake!

When eyes grow dim with watching,
And blind with bitter tears,
My faith bids me look upward:
Thy Heavenly land appears.
My burdens drop and scatter,
My cross is changed to flowers,
I labor on with singing,
I toil with strengthened powers.

What though we toil 'mid sorrow!
What though we suffer pain!
And pass the fiery furnace,
If we this glory gain?
My work is nearly ended,
My labors soon shall cease,
And soon my feet shall enter
The land of perfect peace.

I stand on Pisgah's mountain,
As Moses did of old,
The veil of flesh is parting,
And glimpses I behold.
I sometimes catch a note from
The happy, choral bands;
I hear the river rippling
Against its golden sands.

I feel the breeze that's wafted
By thy fair tree of life;
I faint discern thy gateway,
Oh, city free from strife!
Oh, bliss! Is that a vision
That bursts upon my view?
'Tis thou! Oh, radiant, glorious!
Near—nearer! World adieu!

THE HOUSEMAID'S GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MABEL PERCY.

James Gregory, barrister, a bachelor who lived in lodgings, awoke one morning in foggy London to find himself not famous, but rich. The traditional uncle had died, and disappointing a dozen fawning relatives, left his property to his *well-beloved nephew*, James Gregory.

Clearly it was a case of spleen; he had always been fond of contradicting and thwarting people, and so, his ruling passion strong even in death, he had cut off without a penny those who expected his money, and left it to one who could not have been more surprised had the Queen made him a morning call and solicited him to assume the control of her *exchequer*.

There was an old worm-eaten manor-house a hundred miles from London, where Mr. Wortley, the deceased, had spent his last moments, although he had resided during his healthy lifetime, or at least for many years, at a much finer residence in Kent county.

Mr. Gregory concluded to go at once to the manor-house and look after his interests in that neighborhood, as it had been left to the care of servants, and at his leisure go to Kent. Already a man had been sent there whom he knew would look carefully to his interests.

Meanwhile he wrote to the housekeeper that he would be down in a few days to attend to his new property; and she replied in a well-worded note, desiring him not to come for a week or two, as the house was sadly out of fix since his uncle's death, and would need a world of cleaning before being fit for his occupation.

So the lawyer, with his head full of the country that always seemed a thought nearer Heaven to him, bought a bunch of violets of a little ragged girl, who, noticing his abstraction, asked him four times her usual price. As he passed into court, his acquaintances noted the change in his face as they spoke to him, and a sharp, wiry little lawyer grasped his hand and jerked out, "Rich, Gregory, and going up to smell the clover. Well, I should like a sniff at the clover too."

Mr. Gregory settled up his affairs, and decided to take his journey at once.

"I won't write," he said to himself; "if I do, the housekeeper will fret herself trying to get everything in order before my arrival, and what do I care for such things? James Gregory has, I presume, known worse fare than he will find at the Rook. (What an ominous name!)"

At half-past eight that evening he found himself a hundred miles from London, and at a little station two miles from the Rook, a man told him.

"You be the master, I take it, sir?"

"Not far wrong, my man. Can I get a conveyance for myself and luggage?"

"A conweyance, sir, bit will be 'ard to find, sir. The man as conweys people his sick with a bad leg, hand he wanted me for to take 'is place, sir."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Gregory, brightening up, "that will do quite as well. Where is your coach?"

"The coach, sir, his hunder Jim 'Arding's shed, with one w'eel hoff. I 'ave a cart as I can w'eel yer baggage hin," said the man, looking up sideways to see if his offer would be accepted.

"Why didn't you say so at once?" said Mr. Gregory, impatiently. "Bring around your cart by all means, if that is the best you can do. I suppose the roads are good, are they not?"

"They might be wor' hand they might be better," was the non-committal reply of his conductor as they set out.

The roads certainly might have been better; but as the evening was moonlit, they got along easily.

"Do you live near the Rook, my man?" asked Mr. Gregory.

"'Alf a mile, sir. I knows hall about the Rook, sir, hand about the 'Ousemaid's Ghost.' Maybe you 'ave 'appened to 'ear, sir, of the 'Ousemaid's Ghost?"

"The *what?*" inquired Mr. Gregory, amazed.

"The 'Ousemaid's Ghost,' sir, as 'aunts the Rook."

"No, I never *'appened* to," replied Mr. Gregory, greatly amused. "Could you not supply the information? Does she come on a broomstick like the witches of old, or with

silent footsteps glide through the house inspecting the linen and stealing the spoons? She never has murdered any one, I hope."

"Not as I knows on, but she do happear hand drawn 'eavy harticles hover the door, and groans fit to make your 'air stand on hend, sir."

"Indeed," he replied, favoring the fellow's garrulity, "and who was this housemaid before she shuffled off the mortal coil?"

"She were a girl, sir, as your uncle made a good deal on, hand folks thought he was going for to marry, but he didn't, and she took sick and died a cursing 'im, leastwise the servants say so, hand she's 'aunted the Rook hever since."

Mr. Gregory set this story down as a superstition such as all ignorant folks delight in, and felt ashamed at having listened to a story that seemed to cast a slur upon the memory of his uncle. Dismissing with a handsome fee the fellow whose countenance, seen more fully, betokened as much knavery as foolishness, he took his portmanteau and approached the house without examining it closely, promising himself a minute examination of it in the morning. He could see, however, that the main entrance was into a large square tower, that there were three turrets at the other end of the building, while several gables jutted out, forming small porches underneath.

His loud rapping was answered by some one drawing the bolt, and in reply to his inquiry for Mrs. Wear there appeared a smiling lady of forty who welcomed him cordially, though she was evidently ill at ease.

"The house is in such a state, sir. I am sure you will find it almost impossible to get along."

"Never mind," he replied, good-naturedly. "If you have just one room to sleep in I can get along, for I am fearfully tired."

"There it is, sir, I did not expect you so soon, and every room is upside down as it were with the cleaning. There's only one room in order, and that is the library."

"Well, have a bed made up there," said the lawyer, who had hitherto fondly supposed that wealth and comfort were synonymous terms.

There was, he noticed, quite a staff of servants, but he did not observe them closely, and soon Mrs. Wear returned with the pleasant announcement that the library was ready. He followed meekly, thinking he had made a world of trouble, and feeling a stranger in his own house. They went across the hall into a large room, sparsely filled with books and meagrely furnished. Here, with many wishes for his rest, and promising to tidy up the room in the morning, Mrs. Wear curtsied and withdrew, leaving Mr. Gregory to his repose.

The room impressed him as being bare and cold, although it was early Autumn, and a fire burned on the hearth, but it burned dimly, blazing up only now and then, casting weird shadows from the unfamiliar furniture. The books which I have before stated were not numerous, a few portraits of his ancestors for aught he knew, some charts and maps, two doors upon opposite sides of the room, the fire starting up, bringing boldly into view the face of the old timepiece, showing that it is ten o'clock; these were the last he remembered as he fell to sleep.

He must have slept heavily, for he did not awake till midnight, which was unusual for the brain-wearied lawyer. As is often the case, he had counted three strokes of the clock before being fully conscious, and there were nine afterward. "Twelve o'clock," he muttered and tried to sleep again, but the drowsy god refused to be moved. He had been lying with his face to the wall. He turned over, and beheld standing in the middle of the room the form of a woman clad all in white. Long dishevelled tresses concealed her face as she slowly passed by the bed toward the table. She bent forward and appeared to write. Mr. Gregory was now fully awake, and unpleasantly impressed that he was being hoaxed. This then was the Housemaid's Ghost most likely; a flesh and blood housemaid come to frighten him. He would inquire into the matter closely in the morning. The servants should be made aware of the fact that they had a clear-headed lawyer to deal with instead of an unlettered clown.

He was about to speak, when the figure advanced to where the moonbeams fell full upon her face. Good heavens! could it be possible? It was no housemaid, but the face of Alice Dordlett, he saw, looking as she did twenty years before. He pinched himself to discover if he were awake, and started with the pain. Yes, he was awake, and before him was the only woman he had ever loved, but who slighted his love for a worthless scoundrel and died ten years ago—ten years ago, and he had visited her grave. There was no mistake. He had carried her picture near his heart too many years to be mistaken. What could be the reason of her return. He actually felt a glow of pleasure, this true-hearted lawyer, as the thought entered his mind that perhaps, at last, she knew how well and loyally he had loved her, and came to him in her olden loveliness to make this known to him.

This all happened in a few seconds of time. She stood looking at him but for a moment, then moving slowly, disappeared through the half-open door.

He arose and struck a light, then rushed to the door, but saw nothing. Approaching the table, he bethought him that the figure had seemed to write. He was dumbfounded as he saw the confirmation of his first ideas, for he had already begun to doubt the apparition. Written clearly he saw upon a scrap of paper the name of *Alice*.

Bewildered and saddened he sat down in an arm-chair to ponder over the mystery. He was a lawyer, it is true, accustomed to doubt even that which appeared most probable. But here the heart reasoned with the mind. Mr. Gregory had, too, a latent vein of superstition, coming to him through a long line of Scotch ancestors. He recalled to mind many eminent men who believed in the return of spirits to the earth. Walter Scott evidently believed this, and why was it improbable. He remembered that it was said to be well authenticated that his great-great uncle, McGregor, after his death, returned every Christmas and drank from the *wassail* bowl, disappearing immediately afterward, until Christmas became to be, instead of a day of mirth and gladness, a season of terror and awe.

But daylight streamed into the room. Richard was himself again. With an impatient movement he dismissed the cobweb fancies that had made such witch-work of his brain, and decided to look into the wickedness of this world rather than the mysteries of the other for the explanation of that which still continued to puzzle him.

When the housekeeper appeared, he requested her to show him over the house, which she did, talking with much freedom, yet not garrulously, of the different rooms they visited.

"This, sir, was your uncle's room," she said, as she threw open the door of a large apartment. It was almost barren of furniture, except a few chairs, a table, and a canopied bed; indeed, this dearth of furniture seemed to prevail at the Rook.

"And this is called the 'earl's chamber,' because the Earl of Leicester slept in it when journeying through the town to visit a convent."

"How old is the house?" he inquired.

"More than two hundred years old, I have been told, sir."

"I scarcely think the gallant earl could have visited it unless it was after his death. Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Wear?"

"Indeed, sir, I do not know. Strange sights and sounds happen at the Rook."

Not caring to question further, for he preferred to investigate by himself, they passed on to the store-room, to the old banqueting-hall, and to the servants' apartment. Many of the rooms seemed to have been unused for years, and were mouldering into ruins. The tapestry-hangings, which had once represented in gorgeous coloring the pursuits of the hunt, were now falling to pieces from mould and rottenness. A rat, that scampered away at their approach, added to the picture of decay and of desolation.

"What is this room used for?" asked Mr. Gregory, touching the door of a room that formed one of the gables.

"That, sir," replied Mrs. Wear, who, he fancied, changed color, "has no key. It was lost, last house-cleaning, sir, and as it was an unused apartment, we have never got one for it. I will have one made if you like, sir."

"Very well," he replied, "I suppose there are people in the village who could make one easily."

"Oh, yes, sir, and I will attend to the matter at once."

He decided to remain at the Rook for the present, and, therefore, assembled the servants, and engaged them to remain in his service. They were honest-looking if rather stolid, all but Thomas Wear, the housekeeper's son, a handsome, but coarse-looking young man who performed the duties of gardener. Mr. Gregory, nevertheless, desired him to remain, for he preferred to leave matters in their present form until he knew the place intimately. Nothing appeared that night to disturb his repose, and in the morning he rode to the village, encountering the man who had wheeled his portmanteau, and who as seen by daylight, looked less foolish and more knavish. He was earnestly conversing with a group of rather rough-looking men, who, however, dispersed as he approached. He returned to partake of a dainty supper prepared by the smiling Mrs. Wear whom he began to think a perfect treasure of a housekeeper.

Returning to the library he wrote several letters and then bethought him to look over the books, judging they were as musty in tone as in looks.

Nature had made him an antiquarian, but fate had compelled him to be a lawyer. Some of these books were perfect jewels of antiquity, mouldy and musty enough to keep him curapt in their perusal and arrangement until the clock struck eleven. Glancing at the spacious sofa, he decided to sleep there, with the half-formed idea that perhaps his nocturnal visitor might again appear. If she came he determined to speak to her. Raking out the fire and throwing on another log, he threw himself down, and was soon asleep. But his dreams were haunted by a ghostly army that went tramping through the house pounding, hammering, fighting and acting as unreasonable as such creatures always do in a dream.

He awoke restless and nervous. He could hear sounds yet, but very indistinct. His dreams had intensified his hearing, or he could scarcely have heard them, but now, the tramping back and forth, and sounds as of heavy articles drawn across the floor, and were very audible. "The Housemaid's Ghost! Pshaw, more likely burglars."

He arose to alarm the house, but standing in the middle of the room he saw an apparition that put all thoughts of burglars from his mind. It was the spectre of the night before, and again he said to himself, it is Alice. She held a large key in her hand of peculiar make. It was with difficulty he commanded himself sufficiently to move. As he started to his feet he caught in the mat he had thrown over him, and fell to the floor. When he arose the spectre had vanished. The sounds he had heard still continued, and he determined to investigate the matter. He met Mrs. Wear in the corridor, who seemed greatly agitated.

"What is all this commotion?" he inquired.

"I do not know, sir. I am sure I have been trying to discover, but cannot. The sounds appear to come from the tower."

"I thought they proceeded from the other

his possession, with the locked room.

The next morning he appeared, unexpectedly, in the housekeeping department, and a new discovery was made, which added yet more to his perplexity. There were two housemaids at work—one, a frowsy-haired girl, whom he remembered seeing the day previous; the other, he had seen also, but only twice—she was the *housemaid's ghost*. He saw still a strong resemblance to Alice Dordlett, but it was not so perfect as when in the white robe and flowing hair. But this, instead of explaining the affair, mystified him still more—for her eyes met his without a shade of recognition; and in their clear, innocent depths he saw nothing of the lawless gayety which would prompt her to resort to any such game; still less, he said to himself, would she aid any deliberate deception which others might practice for their own purposes.

He inquired of Mrs. Wear,

"Who is that girl?"

"My niece, Dora Allen, sir."

"Tell her I would like to speak with her a moment in the library."

"Very well, sir."

And Dora soon followed, evidently surprised at the summons.

He pointed to the key.

"Have you ever seen this before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?" he inquired.

"Thomas Wear had it, sir."

"What does it unlock?"

Unconsciously to himself, Mr. Gregory had assumed his legal air and tone, while the poor girl began to be frightened, and looked at him in a timid way that caused the lawyer, with a half smile, to say,

"Be seated, Miss Allen—and excuse me if I seem impolite. Will you inform me to what this key belongs?"

"One of the gable rooms, sir."

A feeling of mortification passed over him that this had not occurred to him.

"How came you to bring it to me?"

"I did not, sir." Her look was sincere, and she looked surprised at the inquiry.

"How many times have you seen me?"

"Once."

"Once?"

"Oh, no, the night you came and to-day."

"Humph. Is that *all*?" And he looked her fully in the face.

"Yes, sir—indeed it is." And she looked troubled and frightened, but appeared truthful.

"Well, you may go. Stay—did you write this?" And he showed her the scrap of paper upon which the name of *Alice* was written.

"I do not remember, sir; it looks like my writing. I presume I did—for I used to be here often, reading, before you came."

More mystified than ever, but yet almost convinced of the girl's truthfulness, he allowed her to withdraw.

One thing was pretty certain, he had the key to the gable-room, and he would without delay settle his curiosity concerning it; indeed, he felt that if there was plotting in the house,—the chief place for it was the gable-room, and that *literally* this key would unlock it.

As he passed along he encountered Mrs. Wear, but for some reason did not acquaint her with his errand. Reaching the door he inserted the key, and without any difficulty opened it. A stranger sight for such a place he could not well have looked upon. Heaped around the room were silks, velvets and laces, which had evidently been taken from the boxes, so that the remainder could be more easily lifted. Other heavy boxes were piled around the room. Probably the boat he saw passing down the stream, had a load of these smuggled goods, (for they could not have come there by any lawful means,) and they had been deterred from taking the rest of the unboxed goods by his wakefulness.

Mrs. Wear was clearly an accomplice. And had he complied with her desire not to come for a week, the whole of them would have been transported to a safer locality. Thomas Wear was plainly concerned in this nefarious business, and, perhaps, the man who had regaled him with the story of the *housemaid's ghost* also. Dora Allen was innocent or she would not have allowed the key to leave her possession, nor have answered his questions so readily. Still further, might she not have played the part of the spectre for the purpose of giving him the key? This idea, which Mr. Gregory prided himself was very ingenious, did not, nevertheless, seem to agree with the girl's simplicity and candor.

He came out, locking the door carefully; then the idea occurred to him that there must have been a duplicate key, as this one had been in his possession since the smugglers were there. They would doubtless return to-night, as it was hazardous having the goods there. He rode over to the village and had a brief consultation with the constable, then rode slowly back toward home, cogitating as he went.

Suddenly he started so violently that his horse, taking it as a challenge, pricked up his ears and sprang forward, nearly unseating his rider. But it was only an idea that occurred to him with great force, an idea that he thought would account for the mystery of the "Housemaid's Ghost;" but he deferred testing it until the smugglers should be disposed of.

The night was a dark one, and the officers were punctual. It is not my purpose to enter into details, suffice it to say that the gang were apprehended eventually, although only four were arrested that night, among them Joe Morrison, the leader, who was the rustic that had met Mr. Gregory on his arrival. Being a broken-down actor, his story of the Housemaid's Ghost possessed too much of the dramatic element to deceive the lawyer. In the confusion, Thomas Wear and his mother escaped across the channel and into France. The contraband goods were to have been conveyed there, but were instead consigned into less lawless hands.

Dora, however, remained, and Mr. Gregory requested her to sit down and answer a few questions which he should ask. Taking the chair which he politely placed for her, she sat down, respectfully awaiting his words. But he seemed to have forgotten the object of the interview, and continued to gaze abstractedly at her, until her face was flooded with crimson. Conscious by these tokens of his rudeness, he said:

"Excuse me, but you remind me forcibly of a lady I once knew. She was a trifle taller, and had blue eyes instead of gray. I can see no other difference; and as I looked at you, I thought that perhaps you might be related. Her name was Alice Dordlett."

"She was my mother, sir."

"But she married Joseph Alcott, and your name is Allen?"

"My name is Dora Alcott, but after my papa died we were very poor, and Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Wear's sister, was very kind to us, and after mamma's death provided for me, along with her own little ones. The name of Allen seemed to cling to me, and for several years I have not heard that of Alcott. I came here with the intention of engaging myself as a housemaid; but of course, now Mrs. Wear has gone, I shall return home at once. Indeed, sir, I know nothing of the concealed goods."

"That I can well believe, Miss Alcott. But all this time I have forgotten what I wished to ask you. It was about the Housemaid's Ghost."

"Oh, sir, you do not believe that foolish story?"

"I believe that Miss Dora Alcott came into my library on the night of the eighteenth of September, and again on the twentieth. The last visit she gave me the key to the gable-room."

"Oh, indeed, indeed, sir, you must be mistaken;" and her face, neck and hands were covered with blushes.

"I do not think, Miss Alcott, that you were conscious at the time. I believe you were in a state of somnambulism. Did you ever walk in your sleep?"

"Yes, frequently; that is, I used to when anything troubled me, but I supposed I had outgrown the habit. I remember that the night you came I was anxious to see you, but Mrs. Wear was not willing, and she said that I must not go into the library to read as I had been accustomed to do. I did see you, however, as you passed through the hall."

"That explains the first visit; and the second?"

"Perhaps it was because I saw Thomas Wear put the key in the kitchen closet after I heard Mrs. Wear say it was lost. I knew the key, sir, because it was of a peculiar pattern."

It occurred to him that Mrs. Wear knew of her somnambulism, and thought it might give credence to the story that had been already circulated. It was afterward ascertained to be the case, also, that the smugglers had carried on their nefarious business under the very roof of Mr. Wortley, who was old and infirm.

Mr. Gregory was a noble-looking man of forty-five, and Dora was pretty, childish and eighteen. What need of pursuing the story further. Was it strange that she became Mrs. Gregory?

☞ There is one young lady in town who ate oysters all through the month of August when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "r" in that month. "Orgust" was the way she spelt it.—*Titusville Press.*

☞ "The earth is the Lord's." "Lots 40x60 for $250." were adjoining inscriptions at the Sea Cliffs camp-meeting grounds."

☞ An Iowa man who went hunting with a horse and buggy killed one bird and shot the top of his horse's head off.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

☞ The Philadelphia Post, a small morning daily of this city, has ceased publication. It had no conection with this paper, though its similarity of name often led to blunders of that kind.

The Metis and her Officers.—It is always a source of some consolation, even if no guarantee of protection for the future, to find that a jury or an inspecting board which undertakes to examine into a terrible steamboat or railroad disaster is tracing the fault to specific causes, and laying the blame on specified individuals. Where the investigation into a horrible slaughter of this sort brings out the barren verdict of "nobody to blame," there is not only a feeling of indignation over the wrong done to the sufferers, and the shameless shielding of the guilty, but there is a sense of insecurity for the future. If these things occur on the ordinary lines of travel, and in the ordinary routine of business, without anybody being at fault, what safeguard have we, under the greatest prudence and wisest management? It is with a feeling of relief, therefore, that we learn that the late investigation into the Metis disaster has not been fruitless. The inspectors pointedly condemn the second pilot for carelessness in not taking proper means to avoid the collision; the first pilot for gross carelessness in not taking proper means for ascertaining the extent of the damages done to the Metis when he was specially intrusted with that duty by his superior officer, and on inefficiency while superintending the clearing away and lowering the boats; and the master for general inefficiency in his management after the collision, and the total absence of any organized plan for the rescue of his passengers, leaving them without advice or counsel until it was beyond his power to render them any assistance. Having revoked the licenses of these officers, they suspend for six months that of the chief mate for leaving his boat to the care of a deck hand when its inmates needed his aid and presence; and they add that, had all the requirements of the law been complied with in reference to the training of the crew of this steamer, as provided for by the rules of the station bill, which every master is bound by his oath to carry out, the result could not have been so disastrous. It is by such pointed condemnations of particular faults in particular individuals, by duly appointed judges, that the true moral is deduced from these accidents, while the travelling public becomes reassured that its claims to safety of transportation are not wholly ignored.

Official returns from 77 counties in Indiana, and unofficial returns from the remaining 18, give Hendricks, Democrat, for Governor, 894 majority. The rest of the State officers elected, except Superintendent of Public Instruction, are Republicans, and their majorities range from 1,147 to 1,520. The Republicans have 4 majority in the Senate, and 8 in the House.

In South Carolina, the Moses State-ticket is undoubtedly elected. Ransier, Elliott and Rainey, colored Republicans, and Hon. B. F. Perry, Democrat, are elected to Congress. The Democrats have elected several representatives to the Legislature.

Fifty-five hundred exiles from Alsace and Lorraine arrived in New York up to the first of October.

Judge Ingraham, of New York, has decided that a person's watch is a necessary article, which cannot be taken by his creditors.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

The fifth game of the grand base ball tournament, and the second game of the series between the Mutual and Athletic Clubs was played Saturday afternoon, October 12, on the Union Ground, New York. The score was as follows:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Athletic	7	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	—11
Mutual	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	—5

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

The tournament game of base ball on October 14, between the Athletic and Boston, was a draw—eleven innings resulting in a score of 10 to 10.

MUTUAL VS. BOSTON.

The tournament game of base ball on the 15th of October, resulted in a victory for the Mutual by the following score:—Mutual, 7; Boston, 5.

THROWING MATCH.

In the throwing match, which followed the tournament game of October 15, in Brooklyn, the contestants were: Hatfield and Boyd, of the Mutuals; Wright and Leonard, of the Bostons, and Anson and Fisler, of the Athletics. The throwing was as follows: Hatfield, 400 feet 7½ inches; Leonard, 358 feet 10 inches; Wright, 352 feet 1 inch; Boyd, 346 feet 7 inches; Fisler, 336 feet 6 inches; Anson, 330 feet 6 inches. First prize to Hatfield; second to Leonard, and third to Wright.

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

The third tournament game between the Athletic and Boston was played Oct. 17. Annexed is the score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston	2	0	0	0	0	3	1	2	0	—8
Athletic	0	1	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	—6

BOSTON VS. BALTIMORE.

At Baltimore, Oct. 12, in a regular championship game, the Boston defeated the Baltimore by a score of 9 to 8.

MUTUAL VS. BALTIMORE.

At Baltimore, Oct. 17, a regular championship game between the Mutual and Baltimore resulted in a tie, game being called at the end of the eighth innings on account of darkness, the score standing 7 to 7.

☞ A Boston physician lately called at a house for the purpose of vaccinating a young lady. After waiting until his patience was almost exhausted for his patient to appear, she presented her right arm, when the following conversation ensued:—"I must have your other arm, miss; we don't inoculate the right arm." "Oh, dear!" was the reply. "*Couldn't* you do it on this arm? It has taken me twenty minutes to wash it, and I'm afraid it will take an hour to wash the other!"

☞ A man who bought a thousand Havana cigars yesterday, on being asked what he had, replied they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.

☞ A candidate for sheriff of a small town, while canvassing for votes lately, found a farmer in the field with his two daughters, pulling fodder, and while conversing with him, joined in the labor. The farmer left him with the girls and did not return for an hour, the candidate, meanwhile, working for dear life. When the farmer returned, the would-be sheriff was too weary to talk of voting, and he now does his canvassing in the evening.

☞ The young men of Terre Haute have worn a hole in a Brussels carpet with their knees, and still she is heart-whole.

☞ Memphis claims that she is going to have a "milk factory." It is situated at the junction of the Mississippi river and a chalk cliff.

☞ A Wisconsin man lent a cook a $150 watch to tell when to commence cooking dinner, and now has neither watch nor cook.

☞ A Connecticut editor, having got into a controversy with a contemporary, congratulates himself that his head was safe from a "donkey's heels." His contemporary astutely inferred from this that he was unable "to make both ends meet."

☞ At Pontrow-y-nydd, in Wales, Mr. Nathaniel Rosser recently got into an altercation with Mr. Morgan Evans, concerning the correct orthography of Llyynggffwwdvaur, a Welsh village; Evans maintaining that the fourteenth letter was "d," while Rosser stoutly averred that it was "v." They fought wordily for a long time, each unable to convince the other of error; at last Rosser became so greatly exasperated by his opponent's obstinacy and stupidity that he procured some hot lime and rubbed it into Mr. Evans's eyes, for which unfair mode of argumentation he now lies in jail, awaiting the issue of his applying lime to a man's eyes for spelling Llyynggffwwdvaur Llyynggffwwddaur.

☞ An Iowa City horseman preferred to ford the river rather than pay toll. He bought a new horse when he reached the other side.

☞ A prisoner recently arraigned in a New York court pleaded, "I am guilty; necessity compelled me to steal."

☞ Being buried by moonlight is all the rage among Eastern fashionable circles at present.

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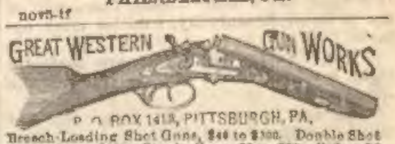

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A GOOD SWALLOW.

Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarily, but nothing satisfy. In Syria once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth. It was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.—*Mark Twain.*

The Sad Consequences of a Druggist's Blunder.

Max Adeler gives an account of a dreadful accident which recently befel a young man in Louisville, in consequence of the blunder of a druggist's clerk. The youth, it seems, went to the drug store and asked for some cologne, when the amateur man-slayer behind the counter, by some unpardonable mistake, handed him a bottle of mucilage. The unconscious victim went straight onward to church, where he sat by the side of a being to whom he was endeared. During prayers he thought he would sop his handkerchief with cologne, so he turned the mouth of the bottle upon the linen and gave it four or five shakes. During the sermon it occurred to him that it would perhaps be a good thing to blow his nose. So he grasped it with the handkerchief and held on tight for a minute or two until the operation was completed. To his dismay he found that the handkerchief would not come off without tearing the skin with it. So he held his hand up to it, and wanted to make the congregation believe that his nose was bleeding, which they didn't, but conceived an idea that he smelt something bad; while the minister, seeing the tears that stood in his eyes from the pain in his nose, preached right at him under the impression that the unfortunate youth was deeply affected by something in the sermon. When his arm got tired he took his hand away and let the linen hang there alone. And so he marched down that aisle, and to his dwelling-place, with that flag of truce fluttering in the breeze. His loved one walked not with him upon that beautiful Sabbath morning because she thought he would attract too much attention, and she was shocked at such outrageous conduct in a place of worship. After soaking his nose for an hour in hot water, he called in to macerate the drug clerk, and then he went around to make up with his darling. She was easily pacified; but it took a month to fade the roseate hue from that nose.

FACETIÆ.

A Pennsylvania farmer at an auction bought an old hearse because he'd been wantin' a rig of some kind to take Mariar and the children to circuses and fairs, and haul potatoes in."

The chief singer in a Danbury choir is making a reputation for himself more enduring than a stencil-plate. He can turn a back handspring with his voice over thirteen of the highest notes without dropping his hat.

A man who has a red-headed sweetheart, addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to be classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

A young lady who is studying French, lately wrote to her parents that she was "invited out to a *dejeuner* the day before," and was going to a "*fete champetre* the next day." The professor of the college was surprised to receive a telegram from the "old man" a day or two after, saying, "if you can't keep my daughter away from those blasted menageries and side-shows, I will come down and see what ails her."

A Boston merchant having advertised for a porter, was called on the next day by a stalwart Yankee, who said, "I say, boss, be you the man who advertised for a porter?" "Yes," sternly replied the merchant, "and I expressly stated that all applications must be made by mail." "Jes' so, boss," responded the Yankee, "an' ef I ain't a male I'd be obleeged of you'd tell me *what* I am!" He got the situation.

The other Sunday the following was posted up in the lobby of the Cambridge, Washington county, Presbyterian Church:—"*Notice*—The person who stole 'Songs of the Sanctuary' from seat No. 32, should improve the opportunity of singing them here, as he will have no occasion to sing them hereafter."

"THE WRONG SHMELL."

A high officer of the Sons of Temperance presenting himself at the door of a Division for admission, with the smell of grog he had been drinking, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following conversation passed:

"Sir," said he, "and ye are Mister O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Khaintooky, I do be after belavin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell ye the truth, thin, sir, and shame the divil," said Pat, "ye do be having the right password for a Son of Timperance, entirely; but, by the blessed Saint Patrick, ye've got the wrong shmell."

A RETORT.

A story of two well-known clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the weed.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir," the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, *even a hog would not chew it!*"

"Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do *you* chew tobacco?"

"I? No, sir!" he answered, gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, *which is most like the hog, you or I?*"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said, "Well, I have been fairly caught this time."

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BEULAH.

Content, with three score years and ten!
Or if perchance thy years be four score, then
Willing to sink existence in nonentity!
Has thy life been so filled with good,
Each longing satisfied with food,
That naught is left to fill immensity?
Is there no grief that hopes for compensation?
Ambition, hoping, striving for realization,
Life's few and fleeting years
Drained every drop of sweetness,
All of love's completeness,
Leaving no hopes or fears?
All knowledge thine and nothing left to know,
Of life within, above, beyond, below!
All problems solved, no hidden mystery,
The finite may not, cannot comprehend!
Thy heart no message thou would'st send,
To loved-ones passed into eternity!
Strange being! much I wonder if thou be
More fortunate, or most unfortunate—to me
Life seemeth but a breath,—
And in the endless cycles of eternal years,
That which faith views here through a veil of tears
Beyond the vestibule of death—
Shall yet be mine, and blessed be the destiny
That lives, loves, learns, through all eternity!

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 41.

THE FOOT-MARK IN THE TOMB.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

It would take some time and considerable study to tell which one brought the other in; whether by some magic the huge meerschaum dangled the little man from its amber mouthpiece, or whether the new-comer used the enormous pipe, like a ship's rudder, to steer by. Every one showed alacrity in moving aside to give him room in their midst.

"That's Gerard," whispered the host. "You've heard of Tom Gerard?"

I had, and had also seen him several years before, and could not identify this man until I noticed that the alteration about his features was due to the pitting of small-pox.

The new-comer's coat and hat were drenched with the rain that was pouring in sheets outside.

"We'll have a story," continued my informer. "We always levy a tax on Tom when he comes this way."

All this explanation had been made while the noisy, hearty greetings had gone on between Gerard and the travellers and loungers about the bar-room.

"Rough night," says Tom, shaking himself out of his oil-cloth coat, and swishing his dripping hat two or three times across the red fire, causing a great hiss and sputter in that direction. And as if to verify his remark, the canvas awning outside rumbled from end to end and gave two distinct, heavy wet slaps against the "uprights" that held it in place. The wind came from some quarter also with a load of sticks and dead leaves, which it whirled about the windows in an earnest manner.

You guess that we were in one of the metal territories. You are right; we were no great distance from Boise City; and, for the place, our company was very sober and well-behaved. The hour was early, which might have had much to do with the state of their morals.

"A story, Tom, while we vanquish the weed."

"I don't mind," said the pleasant-spoken little fellow, "only if I strike on to the route which I have traversed on a former occasion, put down the brakes and switch me off."

"All right," was the unanimous response.

"Did I ever tell you of the foot-mark in the tomb? No? I was thinking not. The tobacco is all out of this mortar. Pass me a cigar, boys, and a light—that's it." And placing the smoking weed between his handsome lips, he began:

"Upton, ten years ago, thought itself a city, although it was little more than a huge gathering in the waistband of Newburgh. I had my roost in Upton, and one evening I received a call from a stranger; but as such incidents were in my line, I was not surprised.

"'You have heard of Miss Sedgwick's death?' said he, diving into business with a plunge which I always like to see in people. I had heard of her death, and was, to own the truth, thinking of the matter not ten minutes before the stranger's entrance. I will tell you why. In the first place, Miss Lydia Sedgwick was the richest, and therefore the most conspicuous person in Upton, enjoying the flattery or envy of seven-eighths of the community. In the next place, she was on the point of perpetrating matrimony. Late in life, for she was past thirty-five, she had committed the unwarrantable blunder of becoming enamored of a man several years younger than herself, in whom she placed unlimited confidence.

"Suddenly and without previous indisposition she died, being found by her female companion sitting bolt upright in her chair with a pen grasped in her stiff, dead fingers.

"Nobody was particularly startled, for many of her ancestors had thus fallen, partially or wholly ripened, from the parent tree.

"This much I have given in explanation; now I will return to my visitor. He possessed rather a peculiar personal appearance, having a large steely-blue eye, a somewhat narrow, high forehead, with long, brown curling hair—a beardless face, and a thin, sharp voice. It had been a long time since I had had such a variety of emotions upon coming in contact with a stranger.

"Glancing at his slim figure, I took his physical measurement, and wished it were as easy to get at his mental breadth and depth.

"'I wish,' he went on, clearing his throat with an unnatural brusque ahem! 'to secure your services in connection with Miss Sedgwick's death.'

"I stared fixedly at him.

"'She was murdered;' was the astounding communication next received.

"'Murdered? Absurd, isn't it?'

"'Listen. But first, is there danger of eaves-droppers.'

"'None. Bruno will let us know if anyone advances.'

"'Very well. You have heard of Maxwell Sedgwick?'

"'Something—yes. Cousin?'

"'Cousin, and heir of the whole Sedgwick property—estates and bank-stocks—at Miss Lydia's demise, in case she died without a husband, or heirs.'

"'Go on.'

"'Don't you perceive that it was greatly for Maxwell's interest, that she should die unmarried.'

"'As you represent the matter—yes. But Max is in Europe even now, they tell me, and unknowing the fact that all encumbrances are removed between the estate and himself?'

"'So his lawyer told me yesterday; but that does not alter my mind in the least.'

"'It has been three or four years since he left Upton!'

"'Five.'

"'And he probably knew nothing of Miss Lydia's approaching marriage?'

"'He probably *did* know.'

"'And—'

"'And hired confederates, took liberties with the old family legends, and *she died* just *before* marriage.'

"I looked keenly at him.

"'Your name, if you please.'

"'Walter Marque—her affianced husband.'

"He made this announcement with so singular an expression flitting across his face that I mentally commented,

"'By her death she has lost no overpowering happiness.' It was evident that he had met a bitter disappointment—in the matter of money only."

"'But without positive proof what can you do against this relative.'

"'Nothing. I want your assistance in producing positive proof—for, although I have not a shadow of evidence to prove my convictions true, yet I cannot shake them off. I know your craft—you sleuth-hounds of the law—and as a retaining fee take this roll of bills, and let me hear from you as soon as possible. My address for the present is Upton Centre.'

"After Walter Marque had left me, I sat for some time in profound thought. It wasn't likely, I said, that I could make anything out of this—it was the vaguest case that I had ever undertaken. Miss Sedgwick had been buried or laid in the tomb the day before my visitor came with his suspicions. I put on my hat, and went slowly along toward Upton cemetery. I procured the key of the Sedgwick tomb, of the old sexton. Within, I found Miss Lydia, but little changed from life save her pallor, as no wasting illness had marred her features. I could find nothing in nor about the body different from that which any one might expect. The only noticeable thing about the abode of death, was a foot-mark on the stone floor of the tomb—the foot-mark of a dog. I examined it closely. It had evidently been made the day or the night previous—doubtless at the time of the funeral.

"I returned the key to the sexton, and walked carelessly to Miss Lydia's domains, where by hook and crook I got upon sociable terms with the old housekeeper. She got the impression that I was some legal adviser interested for past and present heirs, and I did not remove the delusion.

"'How long since Maxwell had gone to Europe?'

"'Five years, sir, this coming Christmas.'

"'Where is he now?'

"'Mr. Twing was telling Miss Lydia the day before she died that he had just received a letter from her Cousin Maxwell. He was then in France—Paris, I think, and should remain another year.'

"'Had they had any visitors of late?'

"'Land bless you, no!—only Mr. Marque. Miss Lydia had been so taken up with him and her approaching marriage, that she had no time to spend with her friends until afterward. Dearie sakes! she seemed hurried to death like with her preparations.'

"'There had been no strangers about the neighborhood?'

"'Oh, no, sir, Upton was always dull in Summer—people flitted so to the sea-shore.'

"You perceive there wasn't a peg to hang a hope of success upon. I particularly noticed the old house-dog, and bringing the matter around in a natural manner by speaking of how much dumb beasts missed their masters and friends—had heard of such things as their following to the grave when their friends died—thus she was led to say that they were obliged to fasten Nero in his kennel until the tomb could be closed. I called the old fellow to me and carefully examined his feet.

"This was not the dog that had been in the tomb. It was doubtless that of a neighbor.

"I made inquiries of Mrs. Burt concerning what was known of Miss Lydia's last hours. Nothing; only it seemed as if she had intended writing something to some one, for on the sheet lying under her dead hand in almost illegible characters were these words:

"'This interview—this strange stupor—I believe—'

"That was all. Study as I would I could make nothing of it. I called on Marque, returned his money, and told him that nothing could be done. He was furious, for he had visited the tomb, and made the discovery that Miss Lydia's diamond engagement-ring had been stolen from her dead finger after she was left in the tomb.

"Well, the matter had to rest just there, although the country people dreaded having the property fall into the hands of the reprobate Max. He was a reckless, dram-drinking, lawless character.

"A year from the time of Miss Lydia's death he came home and took formal possession of the property.

"Some months later I made his acquaintance while both parties of us were shooting pigeons on the plains of Upton. I don't know what power possessed me to become so strangely interested in the huge black dog that accompanied him. During the gambols of the heavy brute he thrust his paw upon my palm. I had been in the habit for the last year of examining the feet of every dog which I met. I had no sooner got hold of this dog's foot than I dropped it like a coal of fire, while a thousand thoughts seethed and burned in my brain. Indeed, so great was my embarrassment, that I beat a hasty retreat with scarcely a word of apology. When alone I endeavored to collect my thoughts so as to form some plan for future proceedings, but for a long time no feasible idea suggested itself to me.

"Afterward I zealously cultivated Maxwell's acquaintance, the better to study and watch him.

"I think that I have said before that he was always wild, reckless and dissipated. He gradually in a few months merged into a state of maniacal dissoluteness, with intermittent attacks of *delirium tremens*. It seemed as if remorse or some similar emotion was actually gnawing at his vitals. His days were passed in drunken stupor, his nights in the orgies of the pit.

"I was well aware, meanwhile, that another person besides myself was watching him from a secure covert. Walter Marque was doubling on his track with the persistency of a sleuth-hound. Just at that time I, acting the *role* of a clairvoyant, highly amused the set of wild fellows that hung around Sedgwick, spaniel fashion, licking his hands for the dainty fare that he provided them. Yet you understand that there was a method in my madness. I despaired of ever getting at the truth for which I labored, unless I could do so by some stratagem.

"I described strange sights and places—purely imaginary of course—until I became a sort of court jester among them. I soon perceived that Maxwell was strongly fascinated by this farcical entertainment; and when the right time came and I had the right persons near, I pretended to enter the trance state, and rapidly described Miss Lydia and an unexpected interview thrust upon the amazed lady—the poisoned coffee—the death—the family tomb; and then in a low, sepulchral voice, recounted the visit of the murderer to the tomb, with the black shadow of a dog at his heels, to warn him if any one were likely to approach—the purloining of the diamond ring to meet imperative emergencies, and the stealthy retreat of the assassin thief.

"At this juncture I was unprepared for the demoniacal howl that greeted my ears.

"Maxwell, with purple features, had sprung to his feet, and pointing his trembling finger toward me, thickly articulated, 'He's no man—he's the devil. I committed the crime, and he saw me and has come to claim my soul. Help! help! help!' With this, he fell forward in a sort of cataleptic fit.

"There is little more to tell. Restored to consciousness, he confessed his crime. Maddened at the idea of his cousin marrying and his chances of losing the estate, he secretly returned from abroad, succeeded in obtaining a private but unsatisfactory interview, was prepared to and did administer the poison in her drink; afterward, with the money obtained from the sale of the ring, he hid himself away for a year, the better to blind people's eyes, and then seemingly returned from abroad to claim the property.

"Remorse and dissipation had done their work in unsettling a weak constitution and weaker mind. Maxwell Sedgwick relapsed into a state of wild and hopeless insanity, and thus saved the board and rent for ninety-nine years with which the country at large would have provided him."

"A very fine game, in which you showed a winning hand, Gerard,' said a rough old listener, 'and I hardly understand why you left off the detective trade."

"Why, man, my last *catch* was the cause—the small-pox, you understand; for which I am amply *pitied*; and you perceive, that my appearance is so marked that there is no chance to know without being known. But I have not told you that the small fact of the foot-track of the dog in the tomb, showed that the two middle toes of the animal's right fore-foot were gone; these members not being defined by the black earth that outlined the rest of the tracks. So, you perceive, how the patient conclusions branching off from this starting-point brought a desperate character under lock and key.

"Ah," soliloquized Gerard, "I was on the road to fame before the small-pox oradie-knolled my complexion. Pass me another stick of rolled tobacco."

A Mysterious Stranger.

There came into the silver-mining town of Virginia City, Nev., some time ago, a tall, savagely-dressed and reticent stranger, whose long, luxuriant locks of red hair, quaint cap of fur, and shouldered rifle, attracted much popular attention. Entering a shop, he purchased a liberal supply of ammunition, curtly refused the "change" offered by the presumptuous shopman, and marching back into the streets, departed from the city. He was recognized, however, by several members of the crowd gazing at him, and their report is that he inhabits a rude combination of cave and cabin near one of the loftiest summits of the Sierras, where he lives by hunting and fishing, and has a curious collection of books, minerals, and Indian skulls. Any miner or hunter wandering near his lofty hermitage may apply for hospitality without dread of repulse; though the hermit cannot be induced to reveal more of himself than that he is of illustrious Norman extraction, bears the sonorous name of Sandalphion de Burgh, and speaks several languages with great elegance. Miners and others who have come upon him in the mountains say that he is an unerring shot, and wears in his wild excursions a belt hung round with Indian scalps. Whence he came and why he leads a life of savagery are questions answerable only by him whom they concern, and unless he proves to be a poet of the new, vagabondizing fashion, with a poem in preparation concerning himself, his history is likely to remain a sealed book. Visiting the haunts of civilized men only when he needs ammunition, he has seldom been seen much below the snow line of the mountains, and hence his odd aspect excited much comment and inquiry, even amongst a population as familiar as that of Virginia City, with every grade and fantasy of eccentric and adventurous human character.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

GARRULOUS OLD PARTY. "Each of you five years' old! Why, I'm more than eight times as old as both of you put together, my dears! What do you think of *that*, eh! What do you think of *that?*"

ELDER OF TWINS. "Well, you're not very tall for your age, sir!"

A TALE OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following rich story. The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis:—"There was never greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal navy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, and half or more opposed to it, the latter thinking that the government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some six years ago. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the News (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancey. These editors opposed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussion had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the Summer, and each without the other's knowledge employed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office, and somebody expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming duel in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvellous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhead came hurrying home from Virginia and Yancey from Alabama, each thinking the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation, that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon the public passion had been exposed at the time, the *son amore* editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post."

Detected by the Telegraph.

The Hartford Times gives the following wonderful instance of a finely-trained ear effecting a person's recognition:—"M. W. Sherman, a well-known former telegraph operator in this city, escaped, about two weeks since, for the second time, from the State Hospital for the Insane at Middletown. During all that time Mr. Sherman has succeeded in avoiding recognition, and consequently arrest, to be returned to the Asylum. His extreme cunning has enabled him to baffle his friends, though it is pretty certain that during that time he has at least once been back to his home in this city; for his trained setter dog, on going out of the house in the morning, showed unmistakable signs of the visit which his master had made during the night. But no other trace could be obtained until last night, when Mr. Hempstead, one of the operators in the Western Union Telegraph Company's office here, suddenly recognized, by the sound, what he declared was the peculiar touch of Mike himself on the wires. It was long since he had heard that touch; but among all the clatter of a score of messages passing over the wires from all quarters, Hempstead was sure that one sound was 'Mike's,' and no one else. It proved to be a message from the office in Wallingford. Hempstead subsequently told Mr. Sherman's father that he would find Mike at Wallingford; and the event indeed proved that, true to his old calling, in wandering far about the State he had not failed to visit a telegraph office; and when there he had given the operator a chance to see how well he could operate. The old rapid and precise touch betrayed him. His father today went after him and brought him back. But what a curious illustration it all is of the fine detecting sense which is developed in a telegraph operator! Amidst scores of rattling messages he can detect any peculiar individual touch of the machine, even though he may not have thought of him before for years."

A Real Tragedy.

Here is a capital plot for a melo-drama. We commend it to the attention of Mr. Daly. "Near Waverly, Illinois, a year or two ago, a young man, finding himself mysteriously shunned at a party by the young lady he loved, took up with, and afterward married, another, with whom he had earlier associations, and who, as he learned sometime after his marriage, had caused the misunderstanding on the part of his real sweetheart by re-dating and sending to the latter a letter originally written to herself. The husband subsequently smothered his wife with a pillow, escaping detection at the time, but dying recently of a broken heart left a confession of the fact." There is a chance here for three capital characters—the young man, his wife, and the deserted lady. The pillow business has, it is true, been done by Shakespeare, but the modern dramatist can follow the precedent, and not be so very particular as to the originality of his points.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

A. S. (Talbotton, Ga.,) says: "I wish to impose a little on your good nature. 1st. Please tell me where I can get a machine for stamping embroidery, and braiding designs for skirts, yokes, &c? Will you please mention the house where I can obtain one? 2nd. How should the knives and forks be placed on the table, must the plates be turned up or not?" 1st. Perhaps some of our readers can answer this. 2d. Turn the plates down, if the table is to stand set for any length of time, to keep the dust out of them. Place the knives and forks in front of the plates with their points crossed; or the knife on the right side, and the fork on the left of the plate.

F. G., (Ohio), writes: "Will you inform me what the Electoral College is, and what they have to do with electing the President? What is meant by Electors at large, and Alternates? By giving a full answer in your correspondence you will oblige." The Electoral College, is the assembly of State Electors, who are elected to cast the vote of their respective States for President. Instead of each man voting directly for President, each State is assigned a certain number of Electors, equalling the total Congressional representation of the State, there being an Elector for each Representative, and two additional for the two Senators. The Electors, chosen by the vote of the people, meet and cast the vote of their State for President and Vice President. They originally met in one assembly or "College," hence the term. As they are now pledged to vote for certain candidates, and there is no doubt felt as to how their vote will be cast, it is considered sufficient for them to meet within the limits of their respective States, and transmit a statement of their vote to the President of the U. S. Senate. The two Senatorial Electors are called "Electors at large," representing, as they do, the whole State; while the the others stand each for a Representative District. An Alternate is a person chosen to take the place of another in cases where the other cannot attend to the duties for which he is appointed. We have an instance in the Alternates of the Centennial Commissioners.

ALATHEA, (Missouri,) writes: "Being a reader of the Post for some time, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. 1st, How to remove freckles? 2d, How to whiten hands?" Buttermilk is highly recommended as a wash for the removal of freckles. Don't let the sun see too much of your face, but wear a veil when you go out. For your hands use soft, emollient soaps in lukewarm water, wear gloves on all occasions of exposure to air, dust, or sunshine, and do as little rough work without gloves as possible.

R., (Mechanicsburg, O.,) writes: "I am desirous of learning the art of short-hand writing. Can I learn it from books, or will I have to have a teacher? Can a reporter, that can copy a speech as fast as it is spoken, make good wages? How is my handwriting?" We have already answered this question several times. You can learn it from books, if you have abundance of patience, perseverance, and spare time; but can learn much more rapidly from a teacher. Your handwriting is inferior, and you lack the ready command of the pen necessary to a good phonographer. Such a reporter as you mention can make good wages, but such reporters are few in number. Out of every hundred students of phonography there does not probably average one who attains the skill you mention.

H. R. W., (Charleston, S. C.,) asks: "Can you inform me if Webster's Patent Button-Hole Worker, advertised in your columns, is really of so much use, and would you advise my getting one?" Our readers should by this time know, from frequent answers to questions of the same character, that we decline giving personal opinions concerning any articles advertised in our columns. Not but that we know many of them to be all that they are represented, and believe most of them to be reliable. But if we undertake to vouch for any we must be prepared to vouch for all; and as we cannot do this for articles of which we have no personal experience, we are obliged to decline answering all such questions. We cannot give you any advice on the subject.

ELDO. S., (Mt. Sterling, Ind.,) writes: "I have much profited by your correspondents' column, without any inquiries, till now I must fly to you for advice and information. 1st. Are black kids an appropriate glove for a bridegroom? 2d. Is there any shadow of truth in the old saying that 'the first through the door after marriage dies first?' I don't believe in such. 3d——. 4th. Is my writing good? I think I write too fast and without pains." 1st, No. 2d, We don't believe in such nonsense. 3d, This question is not presentable. There are no safe means of doing so. Such an attempt always results in injury, frequently in death. Do not trust the statements of quacks. Nature will not be trifled with. 4th, We think so too. In regard to the paper mentioned, write to the office, in Washington.

W. S. B., (Delphi, Ind.,) writes: "I want to ask you a question, please. There is a man here, a man who ought to have better sense, being raised in a civilized country, who, every time he passes our house, looks into every window with his mouth open. We have said a good deal, but it don't seem to stop him. Please tell me, is it polite? It may be, but I don't think so. Is my writing good for a girl of sixteen?" Our young friend should know that being raised in a civilized country is no proof that a man is civilized. We have some very heathenish specimens who call themselves good American citizens. It is certainly not polite. It would not be polite even if he had the grace to shut his mouth. Perhaps he somethines sees something very attractive inside. You might pull down your shades, or bow your shutters. Your handwriting greatly needs improvement.

Y. Z., (Alabama.) It probably has very little money value, if any.

L. H. L. Poem "Don't Fret," declined.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED LAKES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. We saw Arthur on the street.
2. My friend Walter, I esteem very highly.
3. We bade both the clerk and merchant adieu.
4. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
5. We should never neglect duty for pleasure.
6. Watch a defrauder lest he may deceive you.
7. Silence! there comes the instructor.
8. Where does the Mayor reside?
9. The nag ran down into the meadow.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NAMES OF TOWNS.

1. Let me no, sir.
2. A hut, a slab.
3. Nile is on map.
4. Rest some.
5. A dime.
6. Tell it not.
7. Go near.
8. A red ring.
9. Last we can.
10. Last to pen.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of nine letters. The first and second united have the sound of a single letter; the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth spell a word that means "for fear that;" the sixth, seventh and eighth, compose an article of which many household utensils are formed; the seventh and eighth make a preposition in common use; and the whole united give the name of the Pope, who to show his power to make and unmake kings, kicked the crown from the head of the Emperor Henry IV. as he knelt at the Reverend Father's footstool.

F. R. S.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An auxiliary verb.
A man's name.
An edible root.

PHOXXE.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A lady's name.
A kind of vase.
The extreme point.

W. H. M.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men undertake a job of work. C can perform the whole work as quick as A and B together; A and C can do it in half the time required by B—and all of them together can complete it in one day. Required—the time each can do it alone in.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Matthew, V chap., III verse.

BURIED CITIES—
1. Leith, Perth, Orel, Ayr.
2. Leon, Pisa, Gera.
3. Tver, York.
4. Rome, Ava.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.
DON	RED
ONE	EVE
NEW	DEN

REBUS—Milton.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—A had 45, and B had 55.

PROBLEM FOR BOYS—3 pigeons, 15 larks, 2 sparrows.